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RECOMPENSE.

BY L. S.

Beneath the shroud the dead man lay,
And dreamed not that his love drew near;
But on his heart there fell that day—
An angel saw it fall—a tear.

When lo! above the barren sod,
By never any sunshine lit,
A white, sweet rose looked up to God,
And God looked down and smiled on it!

IN SILKEN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

[Norman Lechmere, the nephew of the Earl of Lechmere, or Chesney, falls in love, while a sixteen-year-old-boy, with Madge Gordon, the granddaughter of his uncle, the Earl's, head-gardener, Herbert Gordon. They promise to wait for and marry each when grown. Norman has a quarrel with Silas Fletcher, the son of the steward. His uncle wants him to marry, when he arrives at man's estate, the beautiful Sybil Delamoor, one of his own rank. He refuses, and his uncle strikes him. He hears of some dreadful secret between his uncle and the steward. Norman runs off and by mistake is carried away to sea. Five years have passed without his being heard from. There has been a grand ball at the Earl's residence, at which Madge meets a number of prominent people, including Sybil Delamoor. Out in Australia two young men, who give their names as Harry Richmond and Harold Thane, and who bear a striking resemblance to each other, meet in a hut on the plains. From here the story is as follows.]

CHAPTER IX.

THE resemblance between Lord Norman Lechmere, otherwise Harry Richmond, and Harold Thane was an extraordinary one, and when the former woke in the morning he sat up and leant on his elbow and stared thoughtfully at his still sleeping guest. Now Harry Richmond, as we must now call him, had grown up an exceedingly handsome young man—one of those strong-looking young fellows with the frank and open countenances which, for some reason or other, have been out of fashion lately—perhaps because they are so rarely met with—and, consequently, Harold Thane, being like Harry Richmond, was handsome also.

But though the features of the two young men resembled each other—were, indeed, almost a close copy—there was a difference in the expression. On the face of the sleeping man was a certain hardness, a droop in the corners of the lips, a couple of lines between the eyes denoting a touch of astuteness, if not cunning, which were absent in the face of Harry Richmond.

"This fellow's seen some trouble," Harry thought as he looked at the face and noticed that every now and then the lips twitched and the limbs moved, as if the sleeper's dreams were not altogether pleasant ones. "The poor devil has had hard times perhaps; he will be all the better for a long sleep."

LORD NORMAN TURNED HIS HORSE AND GALLOPED FURIOUSLY UP THE HILL.

So he got up and set about preparing the breakfast very quietly. The fire was still burning—it was rarely allowed to go out—and Harry made the tea and broiled half a dozen chops, the smell and fizzing of which probaby awoke the other man, for he stretched himself and sprang to his feet, his long sinewy hand going promptly to the revolver in his belt. Then he laughed, yawned, and nodded to Harry.

"Why didn't you wake me?" he said. "It isn't fair that you should do all the work."

'Oh, that's all right," was the response. "You were sleeping soundly, and looked as if you wanted a long snooze."

"You're right, I did," said Thane, rather grimly. "I haven't had a good night's rest for weeks. Here, give me a pitcher, and I'll fetch some water."

Harry Richmond gave him the pitcher.

"You might fill your horse's bucket at the same time," he said; "mine gets his drink at the stream."

"Aren't you afraid of his straying?" asked Thane.

"No; he comes at a call."

Thane smiled.

"My devil would bolt in a moment," he said, as he left the hut. On his way to the stream, which ran just outside the wood, he paused now and again and scanned the plain with an anxiety that deepened the lines between his eyes and tightened his lips; then, seeming reassured by the solitude which met his gaze, he filled the horse's bucket, and returned to the hut.

"Breakfast is ready," said Harry Richmond. "Excuse the plate, it's rather battered, but it's the best of the two."

"I haven't seen a plate for—for a long time," remarked Thane, "and the unaccustomed luxury almost unmans me. You're a first-rate cook, Richmond; never tasted better tea or chops." He ate in silence for a moment or two, then he said—

"How long have you been here? It's an out station, of course?"

Harry nodded.

"Yes. I've been here nearly a fortnight, I think. One loses count of time when one lives by oneself."

"And how far is the chief station, the boss's place, for I suppose you're not your own master?"

"No," replied Harry. "I am one of Mr. Brownley's hands. His place is nearly forty miles away." He pointed to the south.

"Got much sheep and cattle here?" asked Thane.

"Fairly," was the reply. "The pasture's extra good here, and they do well, better than up at the big place."

"When do you get relieved?" asked Thane, sipping his tea.

"Not before the end of the month. I've got plenty of provisions"—he nodded to-

wards the meal tub and biscuit box—"so that you needn't hurry away for fear of starving me out."

"Thanks," said Thane. He thought for a moment or two; then, lying down, and leaning his head upon his hand, his eyes fixed on Harry Richmond's face, he said, "To tell you the truth, I should like to stay and chum up with you. I've been on a cattle run myself."

"Oh," said Harry, "what run?"

The other hesitated, but so slightly that Harry Richmond did not notice it.

"Oh, a long way from here, at a place called Wallyluna."

Harry Richmond shook his head.

"I don't know it."

Thane smiled slightly.

"I daresay not; it's far down west. But I was going to say that I know my business, and can do my fair share of work, and if you like to take me on as an extra hand——"

Harry Richmond looked up with a laugh.

"I'm not master," he said. 'I daresay Mr. Brownley wouldn't object, but I can't answer for him, and as you wouldn't care to work without wages——"

The other interrupted him with a smile. "We'll let the wages question slide," he said. "I'm not quite a pauper." As he spoke he took out a canvas bag and shook it, and the pleasant chink of coin ran through the hut. 'See? Oh, I don't care about the wages. I'll work with you for my bed and board."

He spoke carelessly enough, but he watched the other's face with ill-concealed anxiety.

"Very well," said Harry Richmond. "So be it. I will go as far as the bed and board, and when Mr. Brownley comes down we can see about the wages."

"Oh, that's all right," said Thane. "I daresay you won't be sorry to have a chum; it is jolly dreary and lonely by oneself."

Harry Richmond nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes," he assented. "Not that I mind it as much as some do. I'm used to it; but, notwithstanding that, I'm glad of a companion; besides, there's almost more than one who can manage here, and I was thinking of asking for some assistance."

"Why, then, I'm a perfect godsend!" said Thane with a laugh. 'You'll find that I'm not difficult to get along with, and I hope we shall agree like brothers, or better than some do. By the way"—and he looked at Harry Richmond with a smile—"we're so alike that we might be taken for brothers—eh?"

"Yes," answered Harry, "it's singular our being so alike and meeting out in this wild place."

A runner's day is a busy one, and there is not much time for sitting over meals, excepting the evening one, and very soon the men were mounted and away, the dogs running beside them and looking almost as knowing as they really were.

The cattle were not difficult to find and keep together, for the pasture was good, and there was plenty of water, and Harry Richmond had time to observe his new mate and learn that Harold Thane was well up to his work. He rode almost as well as Harry himself, and Harry was accounted the best rider in the station—that is to say, the best where nearly all were first-rate.

At noonday they rested, and ate their meals beside the stream, and Harold Thane proved himself a remarkably pleasant companion. The night's rest and the square meals had, as he himself said, made a new man of him, and he talked and laughed quite gaily, so that Harry was fain to admit to himself that it was far pleasanter to have a chum near to look at and listen to. Harry himself was not a great talker.

They reached home at nightfall tired, wholesomely so, and Thane at once proceeded to take his part in preparing the evening meal.

"I could see you were used to the work," Harry remarked, as they sat round the fire smoking their pipes. "I can tell a runner in a minute. Why did you leave that place? What did you call it?"

"Wallyluna," said Thane. "Oh, got tired of it, I think; and there were other reasons. It's too long a story, and, indeed, there's nothing in it."

"And what have you been doing since?" asked Harry.

"Just moving about and taking a turn at anything that came to hand, shearing here and rail splitting there. I did have a try at the gold digging, but there was no luck for me."

"Gold?" said Harry, pricking up his ears. "I didn't know there was any in these parts."

Thane folded his hands behind his head, and laughed softly, his eyes fixed dreamily on the fire.

"There's gold all over Australia," he said quietly. "The difficulty is to find it. Once or twice I've thought that I had spotted it—in some of the creeks; but there was never enough to pay for the washing. Luck has always seemed to have been against me. But I suppose that most men in Australia would say the same. It's only bad luck that sends us here."

Harry nodded thoughtfully.

"We've all got a history to tell," Thane went on. "Mine is a very simple one. I could find nothing to do in England, and rather than be a burden to my mother—she is a widow—I came out here to 'make my fortune.'" He laughed, with a touch of bitterness. "That's some years ago, and I haven't made much of that fortune yet, and never shall, I suppose."

"It takes a long time," said Harry, dreamily.

"Have you been out long? I can see you are an Englishman, of course, and equally, of course, a gentleman, Richmond. That goes without saying."

"Five years nearly," said Harry, still dreamily.

"And what made you come out?" Thane asked, with pleasant interest.

Harry hesitated.

"Oh, it's too long a story," he said. "I ran away from school—from a relative, got taken on board a ship by mistake, and worked my passage out."

"Yes? And you like it well enough to stick here?"

Harry suppressed a sigh.

"I don't know about liking it," he said; "I stick here because it would be of no use going home; and I haven't got what I came out for yet."

"What's that?"

"The same as you—a fortune," replied Harry, with a smile.

"I suppose you could go back if you liked; your friends are always begging and beseeching you to return? My mother wrote imploring letters to me, until I told her it was of no use. Your friends do the same, I suppose?"

"No," said Harry rather grimly; "I have no friends."

"Phew," whistled Thane, "that's bad!"

"Well, when I say no friends—I may have one."

He was thinking of the small garden at Chesney Chase, of Madge's good-bye kiss; and the mental vision made him disinclined for further conversation. Harry yawned and took off his jacket.

"Time to turn in," he said.

"Right," assented Thane.

As he spoke he saw Harry Richmond take the small flat packet from the breast-pocket of his coat and thrust it inside his shirt, and Thane's eyes grew keen and curious; but he said nothing, of course, and soon they were both asleep.

As the day wore on the two men grew friendly. It would have been strange if they had not, for Lord Norman had a warm heart and was incapable of suspicion, distrust, or coldness, and Thane seemed to be anything but a bad fellow. He never shirked his work, and always seemed good-tempered, even when a kind of silence attacked him, as it sometimes did Harry always knew this fit was on his chum, because Thane would go off by himself for a short time and tramp the woods, and when he returned, would sit silent and thoughtful beside the fire.

On these occasions Harry was very gentle with him, and took care to keep silent and apparently unobservant.

The day just after Thane had come out of one of those gloomy fits, they were riding side by side along a narrow valley, down which some of the cattle had strayed.

"Very pretty, this?" Harry remarked.

Thane did not respond at once, but looked round about him as if lost in thought; then he said, "Pretty? Oh! yes—yes," but in an absent-minded way. "Ever here before, Richmond?"

"Only just at the brow of the valley," Lord Norman replied. 'The cattle have never taken to the valley before; I don't know why they have done so now, the water is not nearly so plentiful. You see the bed is almost dry in some parts."

"Y—es," assented Thane. "We shan't reach home to-night, and will have to camp out, unless we come upon them pretty quickly. Cattle running is hard work for small pay, isn't it?" he added grimly.

Lord Norman nodded.

"Especially when there is no pay, as in your case, Thane."

"Oh, I don't mind that," said Thane. "I'm satisfied with my bargain. But just think, Richmond, with fair luck one could earn as much in a day in the goldfields as one could make in a year at this business."

"I daresay," said Harry, looking round for tracks of the cattle. "Here they are. They've crossed the stream lower down. Come on!" and calling the dogs together, he rode on quickly.

Thane followed more slowly, and looking about him as he went. When they reached the bed of the stream he bent down in the saddle, and looked hard at the sandy track over which the water had run. Something interesting evidently caught his eye, for, with a stifled exclamation, he flung himself from the saddle, and, as it seemed, with the same movement, on his knees, and, scraping up a handful of the sand and gravel, examined it closely. A strange look came into his face, which went white, and his knees trembled. He dropped the handful of grit, and, with the bridle slung over his arm, sat down, picked up his pipe, and began to smoke, staring straight before him, with a rapt expression in his eyes.

Now Harry had, following the tracks, ridden partly up the hill, and not hearing Thane behind him, turned in his saddle, and, with astonishment, saw that he had dismounted.

Thinking that something might have happened to him, he shouted. Thane

made no response, and Harry, with some impatience and a grave anxiety, trotted back to him.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked, scanning Thane's face.

"Nothing, thanks," replied Thane.

"Come on, then," said Harry. "They've gone over the hill, and they can't be far off. Come, and we'll get a rest and a smoke when we've turned them."

"Gone over the hill, have they?" said Thane, not sullenly, but with slow emphasis. "They may go to the deuce, Richmond, for all you and I care."

Lord Norman stared at him. Had the man gone mad?

"What on earth do you mean?" he said. 'Come on Thane; if we don't turn them before nightfall we shall lose no end of them."

"Let them go," said Thane, smiling leisurely. "What does it matter? You and I are rich enough to buy half a million of sheep." '

Harry concluded that his chum had gone mad, and getting off his horse, he laid his hand on Thane's shoulder.

"What's the matter, Thane?" he said, for he felt that Thane was trembling, notwithstanding his apparent sang froid. "Do you feel queer?"

Thane looked up at him.

"Well, just as queer as a man is likely to feel when he learns that he is come into a big fortune."

"A big fortune?"

Harry looked at the pale face, and then round about him and up at the sky.

"Dash it all, man," he said, "what are you talking about? How have you heard of this fortune? Where is it?"

Thane raised his hand, and pointed to the stream.

"There!" he said.

Then he clutched Harry's arm and whispered feverishly—

"Don't shout! The birds of the air will carry it! the very sheep will tell it! Richmond, there's gold in this stream! Gold! Not a mere driblet, nor an ounce or two, but piles!"

He struck Harry's arm fiercely.

"Hang it," he said in the same harsh whisper. "Don't you understand? But I suppose it has knocked you silly for the moment, as it did me! Come! Come quietly, and mind, not a shout. Speak under your breath."

"Here!" and almost dragging Harry with him, he went down to the stream, scooped up a handful of the gravel, and held it out.

"Look man! Do you see?"

At first Harry saw nothing but sand and small stones, then he caught the glitter of some yellowish red specks.

His own face went pale, and he scooped up a handful of the sand for himself.

"See! see! exclaimed Thane in an excited whisper as he pointed out the shining little dots. "That's gold; gold, man! and there's plenty of it. The stream runs through that narrow pass up there, and it's there the gold lies. The water has only washed some of it down. Richmond!"—he sprang to his feet, and gripped Harry's shoulder—"we are rich men. Listen to me. We must go back to the hut at once and get a shovel and a 'cradle' to wash the dirt in. We must go at once. We can camp out here in our blankets. We must not leave it while an ounce is left, and we must work as quiet as thieves. I tell you that directly a man finds the stuff the very birds of the air fly off to the nearest diggers' camp and tell the news. It's known—Heaven knows how—immediately. Perhaps the muddy water, carried down to some camp, tells the story. I don't know, but it's heaven's truth; so that we haven't a minute to lose. wait! give me your handkerchief!" He took it and his own, and filled it with the sand. "I want to take it home and look at it there to assure myself that I'm not dreaming. Now, Richmond, up into the saddle, and let's be off."

Inspired by the other man's excitement Lord Norman sprang into the saddle and gathered the reins; then he stopped suddenly.

"The sheep!" he said under his breath.

Thane stared at him with feverish impatience.

"Curse the sheep!" he exclaimed with an oath. "What! Do you mean to say you'll think, trouble about them when a fortune awaits you?"

Lord Norman, with knitted brows, looked at the excited man squarely.

"You forget that they are not ours, that I'm paid to look after them."

Thane poured out a volley of oaths, his dark eyes aflame, his lips contorted.

"You're mad, mad!" he said thickly. "A handful of sheep——"

"If they were only a handful, as you say, I couldn't desert them," said Harry as quietly as before, but with a deepening frown.

Thane glared at him.

"But there's no occasion for you to stop. Ride home and get what you want, and leave me to find the sheep."

"Do you mean it?" stammered Thane furiously.

Harry nodded.

"Look here," he said. "If you think I'm indifferent to this discovery of yours—if you think that I'm not anxious to seize the fortune——" He broke off with a sudden pallor and a flash of the eye.

"Thane!" he exclaimed, in a kind of agony. "The hope of my life lies there. A fortune means to me the fulfilment of a life's dream, such joy and happiness—— But I can't play the knave and betray the man who has trusted me. Don't tempt me. No! not a word," and he held up his hand. "Go you where you will, do what you please; but I——" And turning his horse he galloped furiously up the hill.

Thane waited a moment, swearing fearfully, then he dug his spurs into his horse and dashed off in the direction of the hut.

CHAPTER X.

HARRY RICHMOND rode after those sheep feeling extremely sick and weary, but as firm and unyielding as ever. It was hard lines. There, so Harold Thane said, lay a fortune at his feet, only waiting to be scooped up, and yet Honor would not permit him to avail himself of it.

And it meant so much to him, that gold. It meant his return to England—and Madge! For deep down in his heart buried steadily a passion grown in the silence and solitude of five years, from the boy and girl engagement made in the small garden at Chesney Chase. Just as Madge was always thinking of him, so was he always thinking of her. He had so little else to think of. She was always in his mind, and before him ever glowed the hope of returning with enough to claim her. Sometimes a dread that she might have forgotten him sent a cold chill over him, but it never lasted long; for somehow, boy as he was when they had plighted troth, he had been intelligent enough to recognize and appreciate her truthful, steadfast nature. No, she had not forgotten him, she was waiting for him: and if he would only bring himself to betray the trust reposed in him by the man who enjoyed him, if he would only let those sheep and cattle go to the dogs, as Harold Thane had said, she would not have to wait long.

The temptation was a sore one, well-nigh irresistible; one before which most men would have gone down; but Lord Norman had only changed his name, not his nature, and he did not yield.

As he rode along with a sternly-set face, it occurred to him that he might ride over to the head station and state the case to Mr. Brownley; but in an instant he saw that that would not be fair to Harold Thane It was he who had discovered the gold by the aid of his knowledge and experience, and it would not be fair to proclaim the discovery. He wished, as he called the dogs together, and followed the tracks, that Harold had been less indifferent to the fate of the sheep, and he felt rather disappointed in him; but, young as he was, he had learned to make allowance for human nature. And what an influence over this same human nature has the terrible yellow metal!

He came up with the cattle at last, and drove them back to their pasture.

As he came down the hill into the valley he saw Harold Thane naked to the waist working like a demon in the stream. He had got a shovel from the hut and made a rude "cradle," and to have done this, and traveled to the hut and back, he must have ridden at almost racing pace. The horse stood haltered to a tree, trembling, wet with sweat, and flecked with foam.

Thane looked up at the sound of the cattle.

"Get them across as quick as you can," he said, panting. "Have you changed your mind, Richmond? You are going to stay. I've brought some grub, enough to last us for a couple of days; one doesn't eat much when the gold fever is on. Stay, stay! Let those miserable cattle go where they please; they're all right."

Harry shook his head.

"I can't," he said simply.

Thane opened a handkerchief, and displayed a small heap of gold dust temptingly; but Harry shook his head again.

"I'm not a free man; you are," he said. "I can't leave the cattle."

Thane swore under his breath, and caught up the shovel.

"You are a fool!" he said, savagely. 'Go your own way; but look here, I—I can trust you, Richmond? You won't say a word? You won't split?"

Lord Norman flushed hotly. "You can trust me," he responded, coldly. "I shall not say a word. The gold is yours, and yours alone, justly and fairly yours And—and I wish you luck," he added, as he rode away behind the stream of cattle.

He felt very lonely that night, and very wretched if the truth must be told. He missed Thane, and mingled with the feeling of loss was one of disappointment. Somehow he felt that if he had been in Harold Thane's place he would not have acted as he had done. But after a time he began to make excuses for him, and so fell asleep, sighing for the fortune that he could not grasp, yet somewhat consoled by that rarest of rare possessions—a good conscience.

Next morning he ate his solitary breakfast and started off on his work. Fortunately for him he had to ride in a direction away from the valley, so that he was not obliged to face temptation; and it so happened that the following day also the cattle led him away from the spot where "fortune lay awaiting him." On the third day,

[CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.]

TWILIGHT.

BY S. W. W.

Twilight, the gray-eyed child of Day and Night,
Comes wandering through the wood with pensive face,
Tender as thoughts of home; a placid grace
Follows her footsteps, and a holy light
Strikes amid leafless boughs, as childhood's dreams,
At sight of youth, awaken in the old.
And as I watch her take her noiseless way
By glen and field and lonely water gleams,
Lost hopes, like buds of spring, again unfold,
And rosy light comes trembling through life's gray.

Thus have I watched thee, Twilight, long ago,
Thy coming but a herald to mine eyes
Of one who followed, and who filled my skies
Not as with night, but Love's own morning glow.

Miss Agatha.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

NOTHING could have been trimmer than the garden of Bramble Cottage, except, possibly, the two old ladies who tended it. The house lay well back from the high-road, and was almost surrounded by orchards, so that you came on it quite unexpectedly. It had green lawns about it and pleasantly shaded walks, and in the south corner a little colony of beehives. Hardly any sound of the outside world reached the place, and the postman was the centre of excitement; even he was an unofficial-looking person, who carried a heavy stick, and generally had a dog at his heels.

It was a pleasant, sunny afternoon in early autumn, and a letter had just been left at Bramble Cottage, addressed, in a very pretty hand, to Miss Agatha Musgrave. She sat down by an open window to read it, with Miss Deborah opposite her. The difference in age between the sisters could not have been great; but the advantage lay with Miss Agatha, who carried herself with an air of greater authority than the other, and took the lead in all matters of propriety and household management. They were both comely ladies, with kindly eyes and delicate well-bred faces, that had a sort of second bloom upon them. Miss Agatha's eyes were dark, and had not lost the power of flashing with a very pretty, dangerous light; Miss Deborah's were blue, and gleamed with the pleasantest simplicity and tenderness. As yet, there was no touch of gray in the hair of either.

Miss Agatha opened her letter carefully and spread it out upon her lap. Miss Deborah laid down her needlework and watched her complacently. The laden bees were coming home, and went past the window with a pleasant hum.

"Well," said Miss Deborah, "what has Lucy got to say to-day?"

"Give me time to read the letter first, sister. Don't hurry me?" Miss Agatha read it through twice; at the end of the second perusal she handed it, with a frown, to Miss Deborah. "There is a good deal too much about Captain Danby," she said. "It begins and ends with Captain Danby. I don't like it at all."

Miss Deborah did not appear in the least disturbed. She handed back the letter with a smile. "Well," she said, "I believe Captain Danby to be a very pleasant young man. His father, you know, was a brave soldier, and a most intimate friend of ours many years ago.

"I'm afraid you don't quite realize the situation, Deborah," said Miss Agatha. "When young people are thrown together as these two appear to have been, the very worst consequences may be apprehended, and there is no denying, that Lucy is a most attractive child. The only good thing about it is that she seems quite candid, and does not try to conceal her liking for him."

Miss Deborah took up her needlework again and bent over it. She was secretly pleased by the letter. She remembered this Captain Danby when he was a boy, and what a brave, sturdy little chap he had been. Indeed, she had been fully aware that he was to be one of the guests at the country house where Lucy had been staying. Perhaps she felt a little penitent that she had not acquainted her sister with the fact.

"There can be no harm done," she said, after a pause; "Lucy is very young."

"That is precisely the reason why harm should have been done," said Miss Agatha. "She has no knowledge of the world, and may have grown to—to love this man unconsciously."

"And would it be so very terrible if she had?" asked Miss Deborah with a boldness that made her blush.

"My dear Deborah!" said Miss Agatha sternly, "you have had no experience in such matters. Miss Deborah bowed her head a little lower over her work, but said nothing. "I have had some insight into the heartlessness of men. I do not wish to speak about myself, but I can never forget my own trouble."

Miss Deborah put down her work once more and went and stood by her sister's side, resting one delicate little hand upon her shoulder. "My dear," she said, "we will not speak of that. But I am afraid we cannot always hope to keep Lucy with us."

"Nor would I wish to do so," said Miss Agatha, softened. She had had a very great disappointment in her early life. She had loved once, wholly and unreservedly; and then her lover had left her suddenly, without having declared himself, and leaving no message behind. She heard of his existence occasionally from distant parts of the country, but never a word addressed to herself. This had not soured her; she was cast in too fine a mould for that; but though the wound was healed, it had left a general theoretical mistrust of mankind behind, that made itself apparent in her judgment of male sentiment.

"She will be coming back in three days' time," said Miss Deborah. "Do not let us spoil the poor child's pleasure by shortening the visit.

"I cannot help thinking it would be wiser to send for her at once!"

"Three days can make no difference," pleaded Miss Deborah.

"Well," said Miss Agatha, "have your own way. But remember, that you will be responsible for any unpleasant consequences that may follow."

Miss Deborah smilingly undertook the responsibility, and it was decided that Lucy should not be recalled.

When she came back, the old ladies were in the garden, waiting to welcome her. They were both very much excited, and Miss Deborah was in an almost pitiful flutter of expectancy. She felt sure, as the girl ran towards them with a flushed and happy face and outstretched hands, that there was something in her eyes that had not been there before. But neither of them said a word about the subject which had been discussed between them until the evening, when they were all sitting in the parlor together, with the window open to the lawn. Lucy was in a low chair between them, her hands clasped behind her head. She was a beautiful girl, with dark eyes like Miss Agatha's, and a wonderful crown of brown hair that held the sunlight in it. She looked straight before her into the garden, down a path flanked on either side by standard roses. Every now and then she tapped with her foot upon the floor, as though beating time in a tune.

"You are not sorry to be back, dear?" said Miss Agatha, frowning across at her sister.

"N-no," said Lucy, "I am not sorry. Of course I enjoyed myself very much; but Bramble Cottage is the dearest place in the world."

Miss Agatha looked relieved; Miss Deborah went on quietly with her work. She was waiting for something more.

"They were all nice people, I suppose?" queried Miss Agatha, trying to catch her sister's eye, and failing utterly in the attempt.

"Oh yes," said the girl, "delightful! Didn't I tell you all about them in my letters?"

"You told us a great deal about one of them," said Miss Agatha; "I think his name was Captain Danby?"

Lucy started and blushed. That was exactly what Miss Deborah had been waiting for; she was quite sure now. She looked at the girl with what was intended for encouragement; but her glance quailed under the rebuke of Miss Agatha's frown.

"Is he a very agreeable sort of person?" asked Miss Agatha.

Lucy looked first at her and then at Miss Deborah; there was a laugh of approval on the younger lady's face that was unmistakable. She took Miss Deborah's hand, and was rewarded by a caressing pressure of the fingers.

"Very," said Lucy, after this little pause. "He is a son of Colonel Danby's, is he not?" continued Miss Agatha.

"Yes. He was in the Egyptian war. He distinguished himself very much. He is a V.C. I saw it!"

"Oh!" said Miss Agatha. "I suppose he told you all about himself?"

"He never told me a word: I heard it all from other people. He showed me his Victoria Cross: but I asked him to let me see it!"

"My dear child!" ejaculated Miss Agatha.

Miss Deborah squeezed Lucy's hand again, and then patted it gently. She felt that it must be coming now—and so it was.

"Aunt Agatha—Aunt Deborah," said the girl, "I want to tell you something."

Miss Agatha sat up very straight in her chair and said nothing, Miss Deborah nodded her head with a smile.

"Captain Danby and I saw a great deal of each other. I—I liked him very much from the first time I met him. He—he has asked me to marry him!"

"Good gracious, child!" cried Miss Agatha. She could not have been more surprised by a proposal addressed to herself. To have her very worst fears put into a single sentence like this was overpowering. It took her some time to recover; then she turned herself sternly to her sister.

"I was sure something dreadful of this kind would happen, Deborah."

"I don't see anything very dreadful in it!" said Miss Deborah, keeping tight hold of Lucy's hand, as much for her own support now as the girl's.

"Of course you refused him?" said Miss Agatha, ignoring her sister's remark.

"No; I didn't," said Lucy, because, you see, I love him. I told him that I must first get your consent."

"But you are only eighteen, child! How can you possibly know your own mind at that age?"

The girl blushed at this, and Miss Deborah felt her hand tremble. She hastened to interpose.

"I think we must not press Lucy too closely on that point," she said. "She must consult her own feelings in the matter."

"He is coming to see you next week," said Lucy; "and oh, Aunt Agatha, I do hope you will be kind to him, and—and judge him fairly."

"Coming here!" cried Miss Agatha.

"I am sure we shall be very pleased to see him," said Miss Deborah.

This was too much for Miss Agatha. "Your Aunt Deborah," she said severely to Lucy, rising, "is most unpractical. I will speak to you alone to-morrow morning about this. In the meantime, my dear, don't trouble yourself about it; you may be sure I shall do what seems best for your happiness." And although this was said very judicially, she kissed the girl with the utmost affection, and went upstairs with a warm glow at her heart and an unusual moisture in her eyes.

It happened, however, that when Captain Danby came, he found the opposition much less than he had expected; and this is how it came about.

Two or three days later, Miss Agatha was in the garden alone. Miss Deborah and Lucy were out together, and the elder sister was busy about her rose-bushes. She had a wide-brimmed straw hat on her head, and her hands were protected by brown leather gauntlets. The day was warm, and she worked slowly, pausing often to watch the sunlight striking through upon the apples in the surrounding orchards. Overhead, tiny fleets of white cloud were being piloted across the blue by a light breeze. Presently she heard the gate click. She looked up with some surprise, wondering who her visitor could be. She saw a tall, grave-looking man, with a heavy gray moustache and a slight stoop, approaching the house. At first, she regarded him with some curiosity; and then she suddenly let her pruning scissors fall with a clatter to the ground. "It's John Temple!" she said with a gasp.

He looked up and saw her. For a moment he stood quite still. Appearing to recover himself, he approached her bareheaded, bowing as he came.

Miss Agatha did not move a step to meet him; she was too utterly astonished to stir; and, more than that, there began a strange fluttering at her heart, that she vainly strove to conquer.

"You remember me?" he said, holding out his hand.

"Yes," she said, "I remember you."

"I happened, quite by accident, to be in this part of the country, and I could not deny myself the pleasure of seeing you once more.

"It was very good of you," she said, and there was not even a touch of scorn in her voice. The little fire of resentment that she had hoarded for so long against him burnt very low in his immediate presence; indeed, it seemed inclined to die out together. She had believed, all these years, that he had treated her with unpardonable heartlessness; and yet, when he stood before her, the belief grew very dim and faint.

She invited him to go indoors, the sun was hot, and possibly a glass of wine might refresh him. She set a decanter and glasses before him with her own hands, but he made no move towards them. Presently he looked up, and, filling a glass with a hand that clearly trembled, raised it to his lips, setting it down again, however, almost untasted. "May I," he said, "ask you a question about something that happened a long time ago?"

Her voice sounded very distant as she answered: "You may ask, but I cannot promise to answer you."

"Well," he said, "I could not hope for more. Why did you not answer my last letter?" It seemed to me then that it was unkind in you not to give me any reply at all."

The fluttering at her heart grew worse, and she leant heavily with both hands upon the arms of her chair. "What letter?" she asked. "To the last one I received from you, I did reply."

John Temple started and looked at her. His face suddenly grew a little pale. "Was it," he said, "a letter of any importance?"

"Of no more importance," she answered, "than many letters I had received from you."

He rose and paced the room. Once or twice he paused and tried to speak, but could not—his lips trembled and his breath came hurriedly. After some minutes, by a great effort he mastered himself. "I am afraid," he said, "there has been a terrible mistake. Is the apple tree still standing where we used to hide notes to each other in the old days?" He blushed as he said this, in spite of his gray moustache. Miss Agatha blushed too.

"Yes," she said.

"May I go and see it?" he asked. "Thirty years ago—it was a warm summer night, and all the lights in this house were out—I placed a note, addressed to you, in the hollow of the old tree. I never had any reply. From your silence I concluded that I had been mistaken after all. I went away. I was too proud in those days again to offer what I thought had once been scorned. To-day, I came back, and find that my foolish pride may have cost more—more than I dare to think of."

Miss Agatha rose; she felt such pity for herself and him that tears were in her eyes. "Let us go and look," she said.

As they crossed the garden to the tree which had played so large a part in both their lives, she did not refuse the offer of his arm, but leant upon it heavily. The green lawns about them lay unshadowed in the hot sunlight. The wind had fallen almost dead, and not a bird sang. Neither of them spoke until the familiar spot was reached. It was a very old apple tree, covered with lichen, and almost fruitless, with a hole on the garden side large enough for the insertion of a hand. John Temple explored the space with eager fingers.

"Here it is," he said, holding it out to her—"it is yours. If you will read it now, it may make things clearer to you."

She took it. The paper was stained and soiled with dirt and damp, but upon the cover she could still read her name. She opened it, and saw the words that had been intended for her eyes so long ago. In it, the man before her asked her to be his wife. He loved her—that was all. She had lived for thirty years believing him untrue, and all that time in her own garden had been the record of his true and honorable love.

The memory of her own suffering did not strike her then; her only thought was to do him justice, though so late. But he was at her side before she had time to frame a word.

"If it is not too late," he said, "read that letter as though the ink were not yet dry. To-day it is all as true as it was then. I have been faithful to you all these years. I have, if I may say so, grown gray in your service. Give me the reward of faithfulness."

"My dear John," she said, holding out her hand, and with tears running down her face—"my dear John, if you still wish it, I have not a word to say. I have loved you always."

He kissed her gently, with a delicacy and love that made her heart go out to him in one low cry. The thirty years of waiting were blotted out.

When Lucy came in, Miss Agatha sought her in her own room and begged for her forgiveness. "My dear," she said, "you shall marry any man you love. If it is Captain Danby, you shall marry him. I have to-day learnt the best lesson of my life." And then followed a sudden burst of confidence that left Lucy glowing with unexpected happiness.

Thus it was that all opposition was suddenly withdrawn; and of the three ladies in Bramble Cottage, two were married on one day. Miss Deborah alone remained; but she was quite content in the happiness of the other two. Perhaps she had strong reasons for remaining single, but if she had, she never told them—not even to Miss Agatha.

Bric-a-Brac.

INDIANS.—The Cherokee tribe of Indians have, perhaps, the most odd form of marriage. The happy couple join hands over a running stream, and they become at once man and wife.

IN CHINA.—The Chinese believe that the water obtained from melting hailstones is poisonous, and that rain water which falls on certain feast days will cure ague and malarial fever.

THE ORANGE.—The orange was originally a pear-shaped fruit about the size of the common wild cherry. Its evolution is believed by naturalists to be due to twelve hundred years of cultivation.

PAPER.—The art of making paper from fibrous matter reduced to a pulp in water appears to have been first discovered by the Chinese about eighteen hundred years ago. Chinese paper is made from the inner bark of the bamboo and mulberry trees, hempen rags, etc.

INDIAN SUMMER.—The Indian summer is called also St. Martin's summer, and as Martinmas was on November 11, it is probable that the Indian summer is passed on now. But Indian summer is a sort of Irish flea among seasons; you never know when it is until afterward.

SIX THOUSAND YEARS OLD.—The earliest known statue is one that has been recovered from an Egyptian tomb. It is that of a sheik or head man of a village, is made of wood, with eyes of glass, and is evidently a portrait. Egyptologists say that it is at least 6000 years old.

TURKS.—No Turk will enter a sitting-room with dirty shoes. The upper classes wear tight fitting shoes, with goloshes over them. The latter, which receive all the dirt and dust, are left outside the door. The Turk never washes in dirty water. Water is poured over his hands, so that when polluted it runs away.

IN HOMER'S DAY.—In Homer's days the Greeks were purely flesh-eaters; but a few centuries before Christ we find the Athenians such thorough fish eaters that, instead of speaking of the morning meal or mid-day meals as we do, they spoke of their mid-day fish or evening fish, just as the North German speaks of his mid-day bread or his evening bread.

A BIG PLOW.—The largest plow in the world, perhaps, is owned by Richard Gird, of San Bernardino County, California. This immense sod turner stands eighteen feet high and weighs 36 000 pounds. It runs by steam, is provided with twelve 12-inch plow shares, and is capable of plowing fifty acres of land per day. It consumes from one to one and a half tons of coal per day, and usually travels at the rate of four miles an hour.

CLASSIFICATION.—In a certain town in the north of Yorkshire a traveling American found an omnibus which carried first, second and third class passengers. As the seats were all alike the traveler was mystified, but not very long. Midway of the route the omnibus stopped at the foot of a long, steep hill, and the guard shouted: "First class passengers, keep your seats. Second-class passengers, please peg out and walk. Third class passengers, get out and push."

MINCE PIE.—"With the approaching season when mince pie figures so largely in the culinary department its antiquity is worthy of mention," says the New York Times. "Once this pie had a religious significance, and before the Reformation the crust had a crib like form, and Brand says it represented 'the manger in which the Holy Child was laid.' In 1785 some one wrote to the Gentleman's Magazine that 'a minced pye' indicated the offerings of spice made by 'the wise men.'"

IN SILKEN CHAINS.

[CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.]

however, he had to go in the direction of the valley, and having got his sheep together, he continued his ride into the ravine. He had brought some food for Thane.

To his amazement, Thane was not to be seen. When he came to the stream he saw the shovel and the cradle lying on the ground as if they had been thrown hastily aside, and rather alarmed, as well as surprised, Harry dismounted to search for tracks of Thane. He found them in the mud by the river's bed, and following them, made his way up beside the stream to the narrow opening in the rocks. They ceased there; and he was looking round anxiously when he heard a groan.

It came from a small opening in the rock, and, hurrying there, Harry saw Thane lying full length with his face resting on his arms, seemingly, but for the groan, dead as a door-nail.

"Good heavens, Thane, what has happened?" he exclaimed.

Thane raised his head and looked at him, at first with no intelligence in his eyes, which were red-rimmed and bloodshot, and, as usual, his hand went straying to his revolver.

Harry bent over him and touched him, and the touch told him what was the matter.

"Hallo, Thane! he said gently, "you are ill, man. Can you get up, sit up?"

Thane struggled into a sitting posture, and stared around him in a bewildered fashion; then he nodded at Harry.

"It's fever, Richmond, isn't it?" he said in a strained, cracked voice. "How did you find me? I—I thought I should die all alone here."

"You didn't suppose I'd leave you, desert you?" said Harry. "I've brought you some food."

Thane shook his head.

"I couldn't touch it. I have got the bush fever. I must have stuck at it too hard the first day—I worked all day and night, of course.

He stopped to groan, and laid his head on his hands.

"I know," said Harry simply.

"Then the cursed thing took me all in a minute, my head seemed to spin, and—and I just managed to crawl up here out of the sun, and——"

"I know," said Harry again. "Just wait a minute," He ran down to the stream and mixed some brandy and water in the cup of his flask and carried it up to the stricken man. Thane seized it with shaking hands and managed to get it down.

"What is to be done?" he said.

"Why, there is only one thing to do; to get you home," responded Harry.

Thane sighed and looked at the stream, not wistfully as Harry expected him to do, but in a disappointed, despairing way which puzzled Harry.

"You can come back when you are all right again, you know," he said.

Thane shook his head and then let it drop.

"I shan't want to come back."

"No?"

"No, Richmond, I was deceived! The gold in the stream doesn't amount to anything. If—if"—he held his throbbing head—"if there is any, it's locked up in the rock here, and we should want proper tools, even blasting material. No, it's all over. Lord, how ill I am!"

Harry felt for the man. He brought the horse up to the edge of the cave.

"Now then, old chap," he said.

"What are you going to do?" groaned Thane.

"Put you on the horse and get you home," said Harry, and almost lifting him bodily, he placed him in the saddle. "Now, lean on me as much as you can and we'll go slowly. With a nip or two of brandy you'll get home all right enough, and a couple of days——"

Thane groaned and shook his head.

"You are quite the Good Samaritan, Richmond?" he said feebly, "and—and I don't deserve it, do I? But the sight of the gold drove me mad——"

"Don't worry to talk," said Harry. "Lean on me as much as you can."

They got home at last. It seemed a long time to Lord Norman; it must have seemed ages to Thane, who had just strength to crawl into the hut, and fall full length on the rough bed Harry made for him.

He lay with closed eyes for a time, but he opened them as Harry, taking a spade, began to dig in a corner of the hut, and watched with keen interest.

"What are you digging for? My grave?" he panted.

Harry smiled, stooped down, and lifted a small wooden box from the hole.

"That is my treasure chest," he explained.

Thane's eyes glistened with something more than fever.

"Treasure?" he gasped.

"Yes. All my savings are here," said Harry, tapping the box. "But there's something else more valuable just at present—quinine," and he took out a small bottle and measured out a dose.

Thane raised himself on his elbow to take it and looked into the box as it lay close by the head of the bed. It contained a canvas bag, full of money, no doubt, and a small book bound in leather with a clasp. It looked like an account book.

"What's the book?" panted Thane.

Harry Richmond took it up and looked at it thoughtfully.

"Well it's a kind of diary. Not quite that, though, but an account of my early life," he said.

Thane stared at him.

"What on earth did you write it down for?" he gasped.

Harry Richmond dropped the book into the box.

"I scarcely know. A whim, I suppose. It was something to do when I was up here alone. And"—he paused—"Well, I had a reason for setting it all down. I may tell you some day; I'm not sure; we'll see. But what you've got to do now is to shut your eyes and try and sleep. I'll put this back again; leaving out the quinine, of course."

Thane, with difficulty, produced a bag, made with his pocket-handkerchief, and the canvas bag he had shown to Lord Norman on the night of his arrival.

"Put—put these with it," he said. "It's gold dust in the handkerchief."

Harry deposited them in the box with the other things, then replaced it in the hole, filled it up, and rolled the meal tub over it.

Thane turned over and groaned himself into a restless, shuddering doze.

Harry sat with him all that night, and for a greater part of the next day—he had to leave him for some portion of it to see after the cattle—sat beside him, bathing his hot forehead and administering the proper doses of quinine, with a patience and devotion worthy of a woman.

Now and again Thane grew delirious, and raved and talked wildly; and once or twice he seemed to be speaking to some girl whom he addressed as "Mary." At times his tone was full of an affection not far short of passion, then it was cold and contemptuous; and once, at the close of one of these delirious monologues, he sprang up and, with a cry of fear, put out his hand as if to thurst from him something that threatened him.

Charity is its own reward. You can't nurse a sick dog, horse, or monkey without growing attached to it; and Harry, notwithstanding that Thane had disappointed him in the matter of the gold business grew strangely fond of the sick man. He sat for hours holding his hand, and answering the feverish, peevish questions and ejaculations which fell from the hot dry lips. Once or twice he thought that he would ride over to the head station and fetch help; but he could not bring himself to leave the sick man alone for so long a time as the journey would take, and so he did not go. Would that he had!

About the fifth morning his devoted nursing was rewarded. Thane opened his eyes with the light of returned intelligence in them.

"Ah, Richmond," he said "you've stuck by me then. I thought you'd have borne me a grudge over that gold, but you—you haven't, you've stuck to me like a brother." He held out his hand, and Lord Norman took it and wrung it gently.

"All right, old chap," he said. "No, I don't bear you any grudge. Don't you talk now, but get some sleep after you've taken this broth."

Thane slept for several hours, and awoke refreshed, and evidently on the right side of the Shadow of Death through which he had been passing.

"Did I rave much?" he asked Harry in the course of their talk that evening.

"N—o," said Harry. "Not much."

Thane looked with his hollow eyes keenly at him.

"Told no secrets, I hope?" he said with a faint color.

"No," said Harry. "And if you had I should have made it my business to forget them."

Thane eyed him suspiciously for a moment then sighed.

"We all have secrets, the best of us," he said, in a low voice. He turned his eyes on Harry again. "You've got yours, I'll bet, Richmond?"

Now, remember that Lord Norman had been nursing this man, and so acquired a kind of brotherly tenderness for him. And so remembering, do not blame him or call him a confiding fool because when, upon Thane's remarking, "I've often thought when I've been looking at you and watching you that you are not what you seem, Richmond—that you're—well, what they call a 'swell' in England," Harry responded, "I don't know about that, old chap. If you mean that Harry Richmond isn't my real name you are right. It isn't."

"What is it?" asked Thane softly.

Lord Norman, looked straight before him dreamily, replied—

"Norman Lechmere." Then he added, with a laugh, and something like a sigh as he remembered how Madge had asked the same question, "There's more than that of it—Norman Eldred Beauchamp Fitz-George Lechmere."

Thane leant on his elbow and looked at him attentively.

"Lechmere, Lechmere?" he said, as if he were trying to recall something. "Isn't that the family name of one of the noble families?"

"The Chesneys," said Norman simply. "My uncle is Lord Chesney."

Thane's eyes dilated, then closed as if he did not want his companion to see his astonishment.

"You are a swell, indeed," he said. "Are you a lord, too?"

"Yes," said Lord Norman; "there is a distinct title on my father's side; it's rather confusing, and it doesn't matter, so I'm called Lord Lechmere."

"Lord Lechmere!" Thane repeated under his breath. "Good Heaven! And you are living a dog's life—a cattle runner in this confounded country! You must be mad! Oh, it makes me mad to think of it! About five minutes is the time I'd stay in this hole if I were in your place and what you are. Why on earth did you come here—my lord, I suppose I ought to say?"

"We'll drop that, I think, please," said Lord Norman, with a short laugh. "Why did I come here? Well, yes, I feel like telling you. It will amuse you, and pass the time; but don't laugh, Thane, for though it may seem fun to you, it is all very serious to me."

"I shan't laugh," said Thane, dropping back on the rug that served for a pillow; "go on," and he fixed his keen eyes on the face which was so like his own.

Lord Norman, after a slight pause, started on the tale. He began with his school days, the finding of Madge in the small garden, and as he told the story of their meeting, their betrothal, his voice faltered now and again and grew husky. But it cleared as he related the scene in the Chase drawing-room with Lady Delamoor and her daughter, and grew rather fierce when he got to the blow dealt him by the earl.

"And you ran away there and then!" said Thane in a low voice. "Yes; it is just what you would do. And the little girl, Richmond—I beg your pardon—I mean Norman——"

"No, no! call me Richmond, please."

"All right. I was going to say that your description of her makes a distinct picture of her in my mind. By heaven! I can almost see her! Did you meet her again before you bolted?"

"Yes," he said. And he told something—if not all, of their parting in the small garden, of his climbing to the window, and exchanging gifts; and as he spoke his hand mechanically went to his breast.

"And you've got the handkerchief and the look of hair in your pocket?" said Thane. "By Jove! it's—it's a romance."

Lord Norman smiled rather sadly, as he sat with his chin resting in his strong brown hand.

"That's what I thought when I wrote it all down," he said, almost to himself.

"Oh! That's what you've written in that pocket-book?" said Thane. "What did you do that for?"

Lord Norman laughed shortly, as if half ashamed.

"I—I scarcely know. Well, yes I do. I thought that if anything happened to me—and things often do happen to us. I've buried several mates out here in the wilds——"

"Yes; so have I," said Thane softly.

"That if I got knocked on the head I should like the book sent to her to—to show her that—that I haven't forgotten her."

"I see. Haven't you written to her?"

"N—o!" said Lord Norman. "Our meeting and—and engagement; for mark me, Thane, I hold myself as firmly bound to her as if we had been solemnly betrothed. Why, we were solemnly betrothed!" he broke off. "But it was a secret, and a letter might have fallen into other hands, and got her into trouble. Then, again, I thought at first"—he smiled sadly—"that it wouldn't take me long to make a fortune. I know better now."

"But—but you are the next heir, aren't you?" said Thane, raising himself on his elbow. "What the deuce do you want with a fortune? Isn't there enough money?"

"Quite enough; too much," said Lord Norman; "but it isn't mine; it is my uncle's, and"—his face flushed under the tan, and his eyes shone—"I'd rather die here where I sit than touch a penny of it."

Thane stared at him.

"By Jove! But you mayn't have to wait long."

Lord Norman bit his lip.

"He is not an old man, and I don't want him to die," he said. "I'd rather earn the money with my own hands, and take it to her as—as——"

"As a love offering?" filled in Thane.

Lord Norman nodded. The telling of the story had awakened old memories, had aroused the pangs of hope deferred. He saw the vision of Madge standing at the open door of the hut.

"Yes," he said, "I'll—I'll just have a pipe outside. Perhaps you'll get a little sleep if I'm out of the way and you can't talk."

Thane fell back, but stared up at the roof with anything but sleepy eyes. They were shining with a strange glitter.

Lord Norman went outside. The moon was shining softly, making the trees like sharp-cut silhouettes against the deep blue sky.

He thought of Madge with an infinite yearning. He could almost see her sweet young face as she leaned from the window to kiss him, and almost felt her innocent soft lips on his cheeks. Little wonder then that he nearly cried aloud, and that he sprang back when from amongst the trees a woman moved towards him and, with a suppressed cry as she saw him, sprang upon him and grasped his arm.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR DULL FOLK.—Those who who contentedly lead dull and arid existences, yielding to the authority of tradition and custom, and never strike out for themselves in any direction, may often receive a salutary stimulant in the shape of an eccentric intelligent companion. Even though they cannot follow him in his original ideas or eager schemes, he will at least arouse their thoughts in a fresh line and stir up some degree of mental activity. Then they too may in time find courage to express some conviction of their own, instead of for ever repeating the stereotyped opinions they have always heard—to do something which their own hearts prompt, instead of following a prescribed routine—to cultivate a manly independence of thought and action, which is the only real foundation for true progress. A great thinker says, "Adhere to your own act, and congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant and broken the monotony of a decorous age. It was a high counsel that I once heard given to a young person—'Always do what you are afraid to do.'"

A YEAR'S subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would be an appropriate and very useful present to a friend.

DON'T RUN THE RISK of your Cold getting well of itself—you may thereby drift into a condition favorable to the development of some latent tendency, which may give you years of trouble. Better cure your Cold at once with the help of Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a good healing medicine for all Coughs, Sore Lungs and Throats.

Scientific and Useful.

HEAT.—A spoon in a glass filled with hot water prevents the breaking of the glass because the metal easily absorbs a large part of the heat.

RAILROADS.—Automatic machines have been devised for use on a moving train which mechanically record the condition of every foot of the track.

FADED WRITING.—When ink is faded, the iron still remains in the paper, and the ink can be reproduced by the application of a solution containing tannic or gallic acid.

BRICKS.—Brickmakers are now proposing to make brick of all colors by mixing many materials. Clay, with a small percentage of iron, will make a beautiful mottled brick. Glass bricks are also made in Europe.

IN BALLOONS.—One of the balloons recently sent up by French scientists with automatically registered thermometers and barometers reached a height of ten miles, where the thermometer registered 70 degrees below zero.

MOTORS.—A particularly useful application of the electric motor is that of giving easily controlled power to the invalid tricycle chair. A storage battery under the seat supplies, it is claimed, force sufficient for fifty miles, without recharging, at the speed of eight miles an hour.

FLOW OF BLOOD.—Dr. Zakharin, the late Czar's physician has lately devised a new method of staunching the flow of blood. Steam is injected into the wound by a catheter for a minute or less. The patient, under chloroform, feels neither pain nor any evil effects from the steam.

STONE SAWING.—Stone is now sawn in France with great rapidity and economy by means of a perforated disc of iron on which a coating of lead has been cast, the perforations serving to connect and bind the plates of lead thus formed on the two sides of the disc. The lead is kept well covered with emery, which falls on it from a reservoir above.

Farm and Garden.

EGGS.—Clean off the cluster of eggs on the limbs of the apple trees and there will be fewer caterpillars to destroy next spring.

SCHOOLS.—The lack of school houses is one of the drawbacks to the farmer. The country schools are usually too far from some of the farms in a community, which entails loss of time during inclement weather.

COAL ASHES.—The best purpose to which coal ashes can be applied, in town or country, is in making garden walks. If well laid down, no weeds or grass will grow, and in use they become as solid and more durable than bricks.

OF BENEFIT.—As soon as the ground is frozen cut away the old wood of the blackberries and raspberries. A good shovelful of manure around each bunch of canes will benefit them when they start to grow in the spring.

FERTILIZERS.—Dead animals are valuable for use as fertilizers. If they can be cut up and placed in the centre of the manure heap they will be decomposed, and the gases absorbed. If death is caused by some contagious disease, however, all dead animals should be burnt or deeply buried.

POULTRY.—The poultry house in winter is usually very cold, as but few of them are lathed and plastered. It is the practice to have a ventilator at the top, but such is unnecessary, as it is more difficult to keep the air out than to let it in. Many diseases, such as roup and canker, are due to top ventilators in poultry houses in winter.

ON THE FARM.—Keeping the boy on the farm depends on what his impressions may be in his early days. A young colt or two every year, the calves, lambs and pigs make the farm attractive to the boys, and if they can be given an interest in them so much the better. The happiest day of the young farmer are those spent with the baby animals, and he will watch their growth until they are matured.

ENTHUSIASM.

BY M. G.

He who would move the world must stand apart,
Above it and beyond; must from him toss
All which that world doth give, accounted dross
At one implacable summons—"Lo! thou art
To do this thing, none other!"—noise of mart,
Murmur of household clear it rings across—
And as he listens, suffering and loss
Are empty threats to this disdaining heart.

He gains his life who so his life doth lose;
Holds joy inviolate when most forsworn;
Wins far-off plaudits in men's present scorn;
Not theirs, not his, to say what path to choose
Through thorny deserts where his lone soul strays,
And bleeding tracks the Future's broad highways.

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Dane Armitage has met and loved Lyra Chester, a country girl. His cousin, Chandos Armitage, comes upon the scene, and by means of a tool, Robert Rawdon, who passes himself off as a minister, pretends to marry her, under the false name of Geoffrey Earle. They separate immediately and through a variety of circumstances he thinks he has drowned a sailor with whom he had a quarrel and whose coat he has with him. His dread is so great from the mock marriage and this occurrence that he runs away to Spain. Meanwhile Lyra's father has died and she goes into service, accidentally being engaged by Dane's cousin, Theodosia Hainault, a letter from whom was the cause of her first quarreling with Dane. She does not say she is married and gives her maiden name. While here she meets Dane. These events brings us to the following chapter.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

LYRA came to in a very little while, and looked up at the two women around the room with a dazed expression, which gave place to one of fear as she remembered Lord Dane's presence.

Neither Lady Theodosia nor Mrs. Leslie had the least suspicion of the cause of her sudden swoon, and both were full of sympathy for her.

"Are you better?" asked Lady Theodosia, putting her arm round Lyra to support her.

"My dear child, you have almost frightened us out of our lives," said Mrs. Leslie. "Are you given to fainting in this way?"

Lyra shook her head.

"I have never fainted before in my life, that I remember," she said. Then she looked round the room, she sighed deeply. Was it a dream, or had she really seen and heard him?

"It was the long journey and the excitement of novelty," said Lady Theodosia, pityingly. "We ought to have sent you to bed directly you came; but I thought it would be better for you—less lonely—to spend the first evening with us."

"You have given Lord Dane as bad a fright as you have given us," remarked Mrs. Leslie, with a smile. "I never saw him so startled; but men are always such babies in the presence of a fainting woman. It was fortunate that he happened to be standing near you, or you would have fallen."

Lyra hung her head. It seemed to her that she had embarked upon a career of deceit and concealment from which there was no escape.

"I must go," she said, almost to herself; "yes, I must go!"

"To bed?" said Lady Theodosia; "of course you shall. Do you think you are able to walk yet?"

Lyra rose, trembling.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I am all right now."

"Give me your arm," said Lady Theodosia in her gravely commanding way. "I shall never forgive myself for letting you overtask yourself so much."

They passed out into the hall, and there stood Lord Dane. His handsome face looked pale and troubled, and his hands were plunged in his pockets, as is the way with men when they are anxious and disturbed. He took them out, and after a momentary hesitation approached them.

"I hope you are better?" he said in a low voice.

Her eyes met his for a moment, then fell.

"Yes," she said, almost inaudibly.

"Miss Chester has been traveling for two days and is not strong," said Mrs. Leslie.

"I—I am sorry to have given so much trouble," murmured Lyra, and her lips quivered.

He took her hand and drew it through his arm.

"I will help you up," he said, and with Lady Theodosia on the other side and Mrs. Leslie following, they went up the stairs.

"I will get some sal volatile," said the latter lady. "I have some in my room," and she hurried along the corridor. A minute afterwards she called out: "I cannot find it. Have you any, Dosie?"

"One moment," said Lady Theodosia, and she ran to her room, and left Lyra and Dane alone.

He stood listening to her footsteps, in silence for a moment, then he spoke.

"I cannot ask you now one of the questions that are troubling me," he said, in a low hurried voice. "I can scarcely believe that it is you who are standing here. For gracious sake do not tremble so; it is—is as if you were afraid of me."

"I—am—not afraid," she said, without lifting her eyes.

"Heaven knows you have no cause to be," he responded sadly. "They are coming! I will be here to-morrow. I must see you—have some talk with you. Meet me—will you meet me"—his voice grew imploring—"in the rose garden?"

"No—no," she said. "I must go—I must leave here."

"You must not!" he retorted almost sternly. "The door at the back of the hall leads to the rose garden. I will be there at eleven."

"I cannot, I cannot!" she said almost inaudibly.

The two ladies came down the corridor, and Mrs. Leslie took Lyra's arm.

"I will take charge of her; but I think she is quite well now; are you not, dear?"

"Quite," said Lyra. "Good-night"—she looked at Lady Theodosia, not at Lord Dane—"and—and thank you!"

Mrs. Leslie was kindness itself, and dismissing the maid, herself helped Lyra to undress.

"You will be all right in the morning, my dear," she said, "and we shall all be laughing at your sudden collapse."

Lyra scarcely spoke a word. If she had, it would have been to say "I must go!" and Mrs. Leslie soon left her and went downstairs.

Lord Dane and Theodosia had gone into the library, and he was smoking vigorously as he leant against the mantelshelf, his head bent, his eyes fixed on the carpet.

"Poor Lord Dane!" said Mrs. Leslie, with a laugh. "Well, you can't say that we often make a scene for you! I am so sorry for her. Think what it must be to find oneself ill amongst strangers."

Dane bit his cigar. Should he confess at once that he was no stranger, that he and Lyra Chester had met before? He opened his lips, then hesitated. After all, it was her secret; he had no right to speak.

"She is the nicest girl I ever met," went on Mrs. Leslie. "As I told Dosie, I think we have got a treasure. Poor child, she has had a great trouble lately!"

Dane looked up.

"She has lost her father."

Dane turned his face away. Lost her father! Poor Lyra! His heart ached—ached with love and pity.

"I know I shall grow quite fond of her," went on Mrs. Leslie.

"Don't you think she is very beautiful?" said Theodosia in her grave, thoughtful way, as she leant back in the rocking-chair.

Dane puffed at his cigar. He felt mean and deceitful.

"I—I scarcely saw her," he said.

Mrs. Leslie laughed.

"A woman never looks at her best when she is fainting, whatever the novelists may say, Dosie. Wait until Miss Chester gets some color in her cheeks and a brighter light in her eyes."

"Oh, I think her very beautiful now," said Theodosia simply.

Dane flung the end of his cigar into the fireplace.

"Anyway," he said, "she has fallen amongst friends."

"Yes," said Theodosia; "I am sure I shall like her. Are you going?"

He nodded.

"Yes; I rode over with a message from the governor; I'd almost forgotten it——"

"And little wonder," laughed Mrs. Leslie.

"——He wants you both to come and dine with us the day after to-morrow."

"Oh, thanks; we shall be delighted," said Lady Theodosia. "I suppose we may bring Miss Chester—that is, if she is well enough?"

"Oh, certainly," he said. He rang the bell—he was almost master at Castle Towers—and ordered his dogcart, shook hands with the ladies, and strode out. "I may be over to-morrow," he said over his shoulder.

"Dane behaved very well," said Mrs. Leslie; "but, then, he always behaves well."

"Does he?" said Lady Theodosia, with an absent smile. "Yes, I suppose it was rather trying for him—to be introduced to a strange girl one moment and have to catch her in his arms the next. What was it he said as he caught her? Did you hear?"

"No, I didn't," replied Mrs. Leslie. "I daresay he swore; most men would have done so under the circumstances," and she laughed.

Lyra lay awake a greater part of the night. Fate had been against her, and had thrown her and Lord Dane together again. There was only one thing to do—to go away as quickly as possible. As she lay tossing from side to side, she reminded herself again and again—a hundred, a thousand times, that she was married; that even if Lord Dane had not been engaged to Lady Theodosia, she, Lyra, was not a free woman. She was married to a man base and vile, mean and dishonorable; but still irrevocably married. It

was hard, it was cruel of Fate; but she must bow to the inevitable.

She fell asleep at last—a dream haunted sleep, from which she woke pale and weary.

And as she woke she remembered the appointment Lord Dane had made. Should she keep it? She decided that she could not. What good could come of it? A gulf, a dark gulf, yawned between her and him, and nothing but death or dishonor could bridge it. She would make some excuse and leave that day. But where would she go?

When the breakfast bell rang the maid brought in a daintily-laid tray, and soon afterwards Mrs. Leslie entered the room.

"I can see you are better, without asking," she said. "There is nothing like a good night's rest. Now, mind, you are to keep quite quiet all day. Lady Theodosia and I are off almost directly to a meeting. My poor child, you will learn all about these meetings presently," and Mrs. Leslie laughed. "Lie in bed if you can; but if you can't, just you wander about the room till we come back."

Lyra sighed.

"I—I was going to ask Lady Theodosia to let me go," she said.

"Let you go? Go where?"

"I don't know," said Lyra simply. "But I feel, I know, that I——"

"Oh, nonsense!" broke in Mrs. Leslie in her outspoken way. "You mustn't talk of going. Do you think because you are weak and ill that Lady Theodosia—or I, for that matter—want to get rid of you? My dear child, you will be all right in a few hours. There, don't talk nonsense, but take care of yourself till we come back. I should get out into the garden, and just wander or sit about in the shade. It is a lovely garden."

Lyra sat for an hour with her head buried in her hand, trying to decide what she should do. If Lady Theodosia had not turned out the "Theodosia," if Lord Dane had not appeared on the scene, how happy—well, if not happy, for happiness seemed to have fled from her for ever—how contented and at peace she could have been!

Still undecided—for the question "where should she go" had not been answered—she at last went downstairs.

The sun was shining brightly through the hall, with its family portraits and great porcelain vases, men in armor, oaken chests, and subdued velvet hangings, and she saw the glass door leading to the rose garden. It was open, and the scent of the flowers came in, accompanied by the humming of "innumerable bees," and the music of the birds.

She went into the drawing-room, but she could not remain there. She seemed to still see him as he came across the room—hear his voice. Yes, oh, yes! she must go! She was making her way back to her room to pack up her things when she heard a step—his step!—on the terrace, and he came into the hall.

He was dressed almost as she had seen him first, his stalwart figure looking more than its height in the suit of Harris tweed and deerskin gaiters.

He did not see her for a moment, where she stood almost hidden behind a vase, and she saw him look round with an expression of constrained eagerness. Then he caught sight of her, and came to her with his hat in his hand.

"Are you well?" he asked, in a low anxious voice.

"I am quite well, Lord Dane," she said, very slowly, and as steadily as she could. She was resolved that there should be no more weakness on her part. Whatever she might suffer she would show no sign of it.

"I am glad—very glad!" he said. "I was afraid that you would be ill this morning. You still look pale and—and weak. Where are you going?" for she had moved towards the stairs.

"To my room," she said. "I—I am going away, Lord Dane. Lady Theodosia and Mrs. Leslie are out——"

He took no notice of this piece of information.

"Wait!" he said, gently enough, but there was a tone of command, the man's masterful ring, under the gentleness which stayed her steps. "Do not go away until I have spoken to you. I ask it earnestly, humbly. I know you have no reason—far otherwise—to listen to any request of mine. I know how you must regard me; but I ask, I humbly ask you to listen to me, Ly——, Miss Chester."

She hesitated, and he caught at his advantage.

"Come into the garden," he said, "we may be overheard here. Come, I will not keep you many minutes, and after the talk, if you still want to go, well——" He sighed.

He opened the garden door for her, and they passed out. He glanced at the brilliant sun, and took a Japanese sunshade from the stand to shade her. The little act spoke volumes.

The rose garden, now in its glory, was the loveliest spot Lyra had ever seen even in her dreams. She stood looking round her for a moment—taking in the beauty of the flowers, the sense of her own misery. Dane pointed to a seat, and she sank into it. He handed her the sunshade. "The sun is hot," he said, and she tried to thank him.

He stood beside her looking down at her. In his eyes, in his heart, she was the loveliest, the one woman in all the world; and yet he could not take her by the hand and draw her to his heart and claim her.

"Tell me how you come to be here?" he said at last.

She nerved herself to answer steadily, almost evenly—

"I—I saw an advertisement, and I answered it. I did not know——" She paused. "It was Mrs. Leslie who wrote to me and whom I saw. I did not know that it was Lady Theodosia to whom I was engaged."

"I understand," he said in a low voice. "But—but why was it necessary?"

Her lips quivered as she answered:

"My father——"

"I know," he said; "they told me last night. I had not heard of it."

"It was not likely that you would," she said simply. "When he died I was all alone in the world, and poor. There was nothing left."

"No friends?" he said.

"None," she replied quietly; "except Griffith. He is staying on at the cottage; he will live there. No, there were no friends. I was all alone, and had to work——"

She stopped suddenly as she remembered Geoffrey Barle—stopped and shuddered slightly; and yet she had spoken the truth, for the vile wretch had gone. She had been alone in the world.

His heart ached for her. He turned his head away.

"I answered the advertisement, and the clergyman, the vicar of Yarnstaple, who—who buried father—gave me a testimonial. He was very kind. He said I was very fortunate in obtaining a situation; and I should have been if——"

"If I had not appeared," he said gravely.

"Perhaps I shall be able to get another," she said calmly. "I will go back to the cottage and wait——"

"No," he said, "you must not go back. Listen to me, Lyra——" he stopped and bit his lip. "I beg your pardon!—Miss Chester—I do not ask you to forgive me for—for what has passed between us. I—I was mad that day up in the valley there——" His voice dropped sadly; the vision of those few happy hours rose before him as they rose before her. "Knowing that—that I was not a free man, I should have kept silence; I had no right to say what I did. Miss Chester, I am engaged to marry Lady Theodosia."

"I know that. I think I knew it the moment I heard her name—saw her," she said, her eyes fixed on the rose tree in front of her, a magnificent Gloire, bowed down with its weight of blossom.

"We were betrothed almost in our cradles," he went on like a man who has a bitter, bad task before him, but means to get through with it at any cost. "Our fathers arranged it; we ratified it; but I—I forgot it, God forgive me! that day up the valley. I behaved like a coward, a cur, but—" he looked at her, at the lovely eyes with their sad intent gaze at the roses—"but I was sorely tempted. Until that day, that moment, I did not know what love meant, I did not know that I had a heart in my bosom."

Lyra's lips trembled.

"I—I cannot listen," she said with a little pant.

"You are right. Do not go." For she had made as if to rise. "I will not say anything of that sort again. I will try and not be selfish, though I am a man. I don't want to think of myself, but of you."

He was silent a moment, gnawing at his moustache; then he went on.

"You say that you are all alone in the world without friends."

For one second, a second only, she was conscious of an impulse, a desire, to tell him of Geoffrey Barle her—her husband. But the impulse lasted only for a moment. She could not bring herself to tell him of that mean, base bargain which Geoffrey Barle had broken directly she had sacrificed herself. Indeed, why should she tell Lord Dane rather than any other stranger? He was nothing, could be nothing to her.

"Yes," she said almost inaudibly.

"But you have found friends—both Theodosia and Mrs. Leslie like you. I don't wonder at that. They would have hearts of stone if they did not. Why should you go?"

"Oh, yes; I must go," she murmured.

"No," he said, "I do not see that. I have done you quite wrong enough, why should I be the cause of further suffering? You want to go because I have turned up here, because you think we must meet frequently."

She turned her face away.

"That is it, is it not?" he said. "Merciful heaven!" he broke out, losing his self-command for a moment. "Why was I—I who love—was I fated to bring you unhappiness? Ly—Miss Chester, you must not go. You found a home, friends; you must not add to my misery, remorse, by leaving them. See now," he grasped the arm of the seat—it cost him something to refrain from touching her, from putting his arm around her—"you need not fear me. Great heaven! you are not afraid of me, are you?"

"Afraid? No," she said in a low voice.

"Well then, why should you go? You will see very little of me. I can go away—I can go abroad——"

He saw by her face that this argument was a bad one.

"Oh no, no!" she said, still in the same sad murmur. "You would leave here because I am here. I should be keeping you from her, from Lady Theodosia."

He gnawed at his moustache and strode up and down the narrow path.

"You are right," he said. "I—I am a coward and an idiot. You are quicker than I am, see farther than I do. Well, then, I will not go abroad. But I will not come here often. I do not come often, Theodosia is used to long spells of absence." He smiled bitterly. "But when I am here we—you and I—need see very little of each other. I say this for my sake. I am not such a conceited fool as to imagine that you—you bestow a thought on me, after—after—now that you know I belong to another woman."

He looked straight before him, but if he had looked into her face he would not have been able to read anything there. She was schooling herself, and was learning to keep her eyes from showing her heart.

"I am nothing to you; I know that," he went on after a pause. "Why should I drive you away? Lyra—Miss Chester, don't go. Don't add to my misery. As it is, my punishment is almost more than I can bear. I won't answer for myself if you leave me here and I have to go about knowing that I have driven you into the cruel world without a friend."

She was silent, but her lips trembled.

"See here," he said, and his voice grew hoarse and husky. "You and I can never be anything more to each other. Fate has been one too many for us; but"—his voice broke for a moment, then he continued with a fierce eagerness—"but we can be friends. Great heaven, there is such a thing as friendship between men and women, though the world laughs at the idea and makes a mock of it. Lyra, you forgive me?" he demanded suddenly, and he bent over her.

She raised her eyes to his almost for the first time.

"Forgive?" she said sadly; "there is nothing to forgive, Lord Dane."

"Nothing?" he said with a bitter laugh. "There has been enough to keep me awake night after night, enough to make me wish myself dead. Lyra, they say if you save a man's life you will live to rue it; that so her or later you will come to wish that you had let him die. You saved my life."

"Oh, no!"

"Yes, and yes. Do you think I forget? And a pretty return I made for that life! Nothing to forgive? I wish you had let me sink in the Yaw that day!"

She shuddered.

"Do—do not go back to that," she faltered piteously.

He mastered his emotions.

"You are right," he said sadly. "I must not go back. I have yet to forget. It is a hard lesson; but I've got to learn it. But you say you forgive me? Well, then, grant my request, my prayer. Let me think that you really mean what you say; prove it by staying on here!"

"Will nothing less satisfy you?" she said in a tremulous voice. "Better let me go."

"No, no!" he said. "If—if you go"—he stopped for a moment, then went on vehemently—"then, by heaven, I go too! If you go I will follow you. I will break my word, my vow; I will cast honor to the winds. I will——"

He had drawn closer to her, had let his hand fall on her shoulder.

Lyra shrank back and looked up at him.

"No, no!"—she trembled—"you must not, you cannot. I—I——" her face grew white.

"Well then," he said with suppressed passion, "make up your mind. Stay here and let us be friends. I will never say one word to remind you—to—to offend you. I will let the past go as if it had never been. To the world, the outside world, we will be as strangers; only you and I shall know that a tie, a tie of the warmest, closest friendship that ever existed between man and woman, bind us. Never by word or look will I remind you of the past, or offend you. Stay, Lyra—Miss Chester—don't add to my punishment; stay"—for she now opened her lips—"stay," and his face grew white. "It is not for your forgiveness alone that I plead, but for my honor."

"Your honor?"

"Yes! I mean that if you leave here I will break off my engagement with Theodosia."

She looked up at him with white face and alarmed eyes.

"Oh, no, no!"—she trembled—"it—it would be of no use."

"I know that!" he said bitterly; "I know that you do not care for me, that you do not love me. If ever you might have learnt to do so, the knowledge of my slavery—God forgive me!—would have crushed out any fondness you might have had for me. I know all that; but all the same I would break my vow, I would break off this engagement."

"Oh, stop, stop!" she panted, her head sinking on her bosom. "If you only knew! It is I who ought to ask forgiveness. It is I—I!"

The tears started to her eyes and blinded her for a moment. Then she looked up at him, though she could scarcely see him.

"It—it shall be as you wish, Lord Dane," she said. "I—I will stay. But remember that the past is dead and buried. You do not know all—you cannot guess——" Her voice broke and she was silent a moment. "If you did, you would know that we can never, could never, be anything more than friends."

"I am content!" he said with a kind of suppressed passion. "Let me call you friend. Let me know that the past is wiped out, that I hold your forgiveness, that I am not in your eyes the beastly coward and traitor I am in my own——"

"In the garden do you say?" said a grave, clear voice, at that moment.

Dane started and looked round.

"It is the parson," he said; and gnawing at his moustache he stood upright as an arrow.

Lyra looked up. A tall, thin young man in clerical garb was coming up the path.

"Good morning, Lord Dane," he said; then he stopped and raised his hat to Lyra.

Dane eyed him rather gravely and sulkily.

"This is Mr. Martin Fanshawe, Miss Chester," he said.

The Rev. Martin glanced from one to the other in his grave, almost stern fashion. "How do you do?" he said. "Lady Theodosia sent me to look for you, Miss Chester. I don't think she knows you are here, Lord Dane."

Dane lugged a cigar from his pocket and lit it.

"Been to some meeting, I suppose?" he said rather gruffly.

"The committee meeting of the Society of Clear Starchers," said Mr. Fanshawe gravely.

Lyra got up and went towards the house, and Dane kept Mr. Fanshawe talking for a few moments, then followed with him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BOTH men stayed to lunch. Mr. Fanshawe and Lady Theodosia did nearly all the talking; Lyra sat silent, scarcely listening, and Dane was silent also. He ate his lunch—there were lobster cutlets—in a preoccupied fashion, and now and again he glanced at the beautiful face opposite him.

What a cross purposed jade Fate was! There sat the woman he loved, and who, he thought and felt, might have loved him; there she sat silent and sad—perhaps thinking of him. And there, near her, was the little woman he was going to marry. And though she might love him, she certainly was not thinking of him, for all her attention was given to the tall, thin young clergyman, who talked so glibly and gravely of clear starchers, Dorcas societies, mothers' meetings, cottage garden clubs, and the parish Sunday schools. She appeared so absorbed in all those remarkable topics as to have forgotten Lord Dane's existence.

After lunch she rose.

"I think we might make out these lists," she said. "Lyra"—she looked at Lyra hesitatingly—"do you feel well enough to help us? Are you sure?" for Lyra had answered "Yes!" with quiet promptitude. "At any rate, you might sit in an easy chair and listen. You would pick up a great deal of the work that way. You are going to smoke a cigar on the terrace, I suppose, Dane?" she said to him, over her shoulder, as she left the room.

"I don't know," he said carelessly, "I've got a kind of idea that I'm interested in the 'work' also. I fancy I'll come—that is, if I may do the easy chair part likewise."

"Oh, come if you like," she said indifferently; but Mr. Fanshawe frowned slightly.

They went into the library, and Lady Theodosia took her seat at the table. Mr. Fanshawe produced a bag of books, and they fell to.

Lyra stood near the window for a time; but presently Dane, who had been staring at the book-sleeves, pushed a chair towards her.

"Sit down," he said in a low voice.

At the same moment Lady Theodosia looked up. Her face was eager, and her eyes wore their expression of concentration. It was evident that she was lost in her work.

"Miss Chester, will you copy this for me? That is, if you are sure you are quite well enough," she added kindly enough.

"Yes," said Lyra, and gladly enough she took the papers to a side table.

She had been writing many minutes before a shadow fell on her paper. Lord Dane was standing over her.

"Can you make it out?" he said, in a low voice, though there was no occasion for it, for the other two were too absorbed to notice him.

"Oh, yes," she said.

He picked up the copy.

"I'll read it out to you," he said. "You will get on faster that way."

"No, thanks," she said, a faint color coming into her face; but he ignored her refusal.

"Ready? Right, off we go. What is it? Report of the visiting committee. Humph! Ready? 'And this committee have distributed 2,401 tracts during the last six months, and visited 181 houses. They report——' Got that? Am I going too fast for you?—'They report that in many cases they were recieved with anything but a warm welcome, and that their attempts to brighten the houses of the poor were often met with repugnance and discourtesy.' Some of 'em got a brick at their heads, I

suppose. Not surprising. Wonder how they'd like Bill Stump to march into their houses while they were at dinner and ask them how much wine they drank, and how often they wash the babies. Some of these days that's what will happen when the 'working man' gets the upper hand, and, by George! it won't be long first."

He had raised his voice, and disturbed the other.

"What are you talking about, Dane?" demanded Lady Theodosia, delicate lines on her smooth forehead.

"I'm dictating the report to Miss Chester," he replied placidly. "Endeavoring to make myself useful, am I not, Miss Chester?" His eyes forced hers to rise to them. There was a light in them, a boyish joyousness which had been absent since—well, since he had left her that morning, weeks ago.

"I—I can do average dictation, my lord," she said, quietly.

"There you are, you see!" he exclaimed, laying down the report. "If I try to be good, I don't get any encouragement. I might just as well have been lazying outside with a cigar."

Yes, there was a touch of the old brightness and lighthearted gaiety in his voice. The line on Lady Theodosia's forehead deepened.

"Why do you make a jest of it, Dane?" she said, in her low grave voice. "Life is real, life is earnest," she quoted.

He looked at her gravely; the smile had vanished from his face. "Yes, it's real and earnest enough," he said, and his eyes rested for a moment on Lyra's head, as she bent over her task.

He opened the French window as he spoke, and went out on to the terrace.

Lady Theodosia sighed.

"I am afraid you will think Lord Dane very frivolous, Miss Chester," she said, in a tone of regret and apology. Lyra looked up, but said nothing; which was just as well, perhaps, for he came sauntering back to the window, a cigar in his mouth.

"Mr. Fanshawe?" he said,

That gentleman looked up with knit brows.

"What is it now, Dane?" asked Lady Theodosia. "Mr. Fanshawe is very busy——"

"So I see. I won't interrupt him for long," he said with mock meekness. "I was only going to ask him if he will come over and dine with us to-morrow."

Lady Theodosia looked surprised and—well, yes—rather pleased. Mr. Fanshawe only looked surprised.

"Thank you, Lord Dane," he said coldly. "To morrow?"—he thought a moment—"I have a young woman's catechism class to morrow, otherwise I should——"

"Bring the class with you," said the irrepressible Dane.

Lady Theodosia frowned outright.

"My dear Dane! If you would only be serious!"

"Never more serious in my life," he said. "Nothing would give the guv'nor more pleasure."

"You might put off the class for once," suggested Lady Theodosia to Mr. Fanshawe in a confidential, business kind of way.

"Do you think so, Lady Theodosia?" He hesitated.

"Oh, you'd better come," said Dane. "Look here, if you're all good I'll drive over and fetch you in the brake and drive you home again. It will be a lovely night. There will be just enough of you Mrs Leslie, you, Dosie, Miss Chester, and Mr. Fanshawe."

Lyra looked up a faint color in her face.

"I need not go; I will stay at home," she said in a low voice.

Dane was on the point of breaking into a remonstrance, but wisely held his tongue.

"Oh, but you must go," said Dosie. "I think the drive would do you good. You are getting quite well now, are you not?"

Lyra still hesitated. She could feel Dane's eyes were watching her, though he appeared to be engaged in closely examining his cigar.

"Better come, Mrs. Chester," he said at last, and with an affectation of polite indifference. "My father expects you all, and does not like to be disappointed."

"Very well—thank you," she said, and bent over her work again.

"All right," he said, as if the matter was settled. "I'm off now. Don't disturb yourselves, any of you." He nodded to them generally, but his eyes linger longest on Lyra.

Lady Theodosia sighed.

"Poor Dane, he is just like a great schoolboy!" she said almost to herself.

And Mr. Fanshawe, with his earnest eyes fixed on her, echoed a sigh.

Perhaps she would not have called him a schoolboy if she had seen him as he went down the drive on his big chestnut, for there were the heavy lines of doubt, perplexity, and a man's restless unsatisfied longing in his handsome face.

"So near and yet so far!" he muttered with something like a groan. "Oh, my love, that never can be mine!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At Home and Abroad.

The fire in a Boulder county, Col., coal mine, which has been burning for thirty years, now covers an area of about 300 acres, and sports flame, cinders and smoke through numerous outlets. It has destroyed property worth millions of dollars.

Some interesting statistics appear in the annual report of the Governor of Oklahoma, recently issued. The Territory has a population of 242,635. The public school population is very large, there being nearly 75,000 children enrolled. A very large per cent. of the population are native born citizens.

Musical shots are the latest thing out in the sensational line. A sharpshooter, of the name of Pardon, fires at the metal bars of a set of bells. The ball, in striking the bar, sounds a note, and the shots follow each other in rapid succession, and with such accuracy that Pardon is capable of "shooting" any tune required.

A political agent in England recently sent the following protest to an elector: "To Mr. X Y Z.—Take notice that I object to your name being retained on the list of the ownership electors of the country, and I ground my objection on the fact that you are dead." The document was addressed to the dead man and opened by his widow.

As the result of an inquiry instituted by the Prussian Minister of Education, the old fashion of slanting handwriting will henceforward be discouraged in the State schools, it having been demonstrated that the sloping writing favors a crooked position of the writer, while the upright, with the elbow separated from the side, encourages him to maintain an erect and straight back.

Sheep and cattle rancher in Southwest Texas are asking the State to help them to exterminate or keep down the wild animals that are playing havoc with stock in that region. So far from the advent of settlers thinning out the panthers, wolves and coyotes, the animals are increasing greatly in numbers through the plenty of food afforded by the vast herds of cattle and sheep.

In the department of Cantal, France, among the mountains of Auvergne, an attempt is to be made to return to the manners of the primitive man. M. Gravelle, a painter, has acquired a large tract of land, on which five married couples will settle who will live in the caverns, and raise a few animals and simple crops for their food and clothing. He claims that one hectare (two acres and a half) should supply all the needs of a single individual.

An important decision has just been pronounced in Vermont as to engagement rings. A young man sued to recover one that he had given to a young woman, who, after accepting the ring, repudiated the engagement. The Judge decided that it must be returned, or else that the recipient must fulfill the conditions under which it was presented. Two English courts some years ago decided that an engagement ring is not recoverable under any circumstances.

Endeavors are again being made in Norway to bring about some legislative measure enabling married women to go into certain kinds of business independent of their husbands. There are, however, several questions to be considered in connection with this matter, and it is not thought that any measure will be passed during the present session. The question of female suffrage in Norway is also to the fore at present and there are even, among leading politicians some who advocate giving to woman universal suffrage.

What mechanical power makes a cat fall on its feet has been puzzling the French Academy of Sciences. A series of sixty instantaneous photographs exhibited before it showed the complete process in every stage, and demonstrated scientifically that the cat does turn in the air and does land on its feet, but did not betray the motive power. The general impression was that it was due to the leverage obtained by contact with the surface from which the cat dropped, so to decide this point a new set of photographs will be taken of a cat dropped from a string suspended in the air.

Including stocks and bonds, the railways of the United States are capitalized at $60,000 per mile, while those of Great Britain are capitalized at $200,000 per mile, or nearly 100 per cent. higher than in this country. The total stock and bonds issued by the railways of the United States is 10,650,325,511. At $60,000 per mile it would be $38,400,000,000. British railways earned more than $20,000 per mile in 1893, while American railways earned only $6,000 per mile; they were capitalized at $200,000,000 or nearly $50,000 per mile more than the amount actually earned.

A chiropodist expresses the opinion that most of the trouble of corns could be averted by wearing cloth shoes. These may fit the feet snugly, and yet not produce the irritation which a leather shoe of equal snugness. They do not take the blood away to the lungs, and relieve congestions by furnishing less friction. By preventing moisture, which is given off by the feet, by which harmful irritation is created, and by the yielding nature of the material, the air is freely admitted and can more readily circulate than it can that of the harder finished leather, such as French kid and patent calf. Of course, to obtain these benefits to the full, there must be no leather bottoms on the shoes.

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"A Happy New Year."

We are all hoping for happiness for ourselves and others, more especially for those near and dear to us. What is happiness, and how is it to be secured? A happy new year—does that mean what we sometimes call a time of good fortune? Is success essential to our happiness? Is immunity from trouble and disappointment necessary to make us happy? Must there be no trials, no crosses, no hard and even agonizing pains of minds and body, no heavy and irritating burdens to bear, no piquant grief, no heart-breaking sorrow to endure, in order that the year on which we are entering shall be a "happy" one? If these be the essentials of our happiness, how few among us can reasonably hope that "a happy new year" really awaits us!

To the young, the near future may glow with the sunshine which inexperience and energy combine to shed on the unknown. Let it so gleam and dance, as hope exults in the fulness of vitality and self-consciousness. No word shall be willingly traced by this pen which might tend to cloud the outlook or even to flicker it with shadows. Hope is itself a happiness. Those who have passed the decades of life wherein hope burns most brightly have learned the truth that pleasure lies chiefly in anticipation. We do not say this cynically, but as the statement of a fact. Cherish hope as a friend, but prepare the mind, and fortify it, for the inevitable moment when realization will bring disappointment, or failure to realize that which has been most eagerly desired will too readily turn the feeling of hope into chagrin. Such preparation need in no wise mar the joy of anticipation, while in many instances it will help to take the edge off the misery of regret when disappointment occurs.

The new year may be "happy" if we choose to make it so; but, with a reasonable expectation of trials and difficulties such as must befall most of us, this can be accomplished only by a sensible endeavor to live above circumstances. It is an idle wish that the year should be happy in itself. Setting aside individual prospects which may give ground for hope that the lines of life will fall in unusually pleasant places, there is obviously no reason why the period of time upon which we are entering should be less fruitful of sorrows than the past has proved. Nothing is more irrational than an infatuated belief in "destiny." At the same time we may most of us form a fairly just notion of the future by that which has befallen us in the past.

Making due allowance for the results of experience and the working out of schemes which have perhaps taken long years to mature, no great change is likely to come over our dream of life or to modify its story in the year on which we are entering. If we have successful in the past, we may hope to succeed in the future. If we have failed, we are not likely to cease from habitual failure because another of the purely arbitrary divisions of time is upon us. There is something essentially weak-minded in the notion that a new year must, or even may, be happier than the old year. If it is to be so, we must make the improvement for ourselves; and the only effectual way of doing this is, as we have said, to treat circumstances as beneath us—to make them our servants instead of submitting to be their slaves. We all heartily wish the new year may be a happp one for ourselves and others; then let us try to render it so by taking a higher advantage of the opportunities life offers, by making a better and fuller use of our talents, and by placing our treasures and fixing our hearts on a level above the storms and vicissitudes of an existence which will ever be changeful, and in which man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards.

This wise policy of living above circumstances, passing through the world as not of it, need not either lessen our interest in life or isolate us from its concerns and purposes. At this season especially old and young will do well to remember that there is nothing but happness in true religion. All the gloom and self-sacrifice interwoven with our creed or imposed as part of its profession comes from without. To be good is to be happy, not in a dull and oppressive way, but with joyous ease, contented, hopeful, and in full sympathy with all the enjoyments of which human nature is capable and in which it can indulge with self-respect. May the year before us be good and happy—good because it is happy, and happy because it is good!

A YEAR'S subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would be an appropriate and very useful present to a friend.

GIVE credit for good work, whether it is eulogy or pudding, and confess that success is doing well that which one undertakes. Duties as well as rights are to be considered, and it can do no harm to use as common everyday sense just a little of that humility, just a trifle of that confession of weakness and blundering which is made so unconditionally and on so large a scale on Sundays. There would be smoother days and calmer spirits and less careworn faces in return for it.

THERE are many seasons in a man's life—and the more exalted and responsible his station the more frequently do those seasons recur—when the voice of duty and the dictates of feeling are opposed to each other; and it is only the weak and the wicked who yield that obedience to the selfish impulses of the heart which is due to reason and honor.

OF all current questions this is the one most frequently asked. It is, in fact, the great question of the day. Nobody inquires, "Is he honest?" "Is he patriotic?" Everybody puts the query, "What is he worth?" Money is not merely the commercial standard of value, but too often the criterion of social position, and the touchstone of character.

NOTHING so establishes the mind amid the rollings and turbulency of present things as both a look above them and a look beyond them—above them to the steady and good Hand by which they are ruled, and beyond them to the sweet and beautiful end to which by that Hand they shall be brought.

THE richest endowments of the mind are temperance, prudence, and fortitude. Prudence is a universal virtue, which enters into the composition of all the rest; and where she is not, fortitude loses its name and nature.

If the practice of memorizing is to produce a habit of remembering, it will be best accomplished by selecting for that purpose only the most valuable knowledge and that which is thoroughly comprehended.

HE is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it creates more wants than it supplies.

TRUE greatness consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in making mankind happier and better for your life.

PREJUDICE lurks in hidden corners of all minds over which knowledge has not shed its penetrating life, and prejudice is the natural foe of magnanimity.

NO one can steadily pursue a course rendering him worthy of respect, in any direction, without becoming a nobler and a better man.

UNEASY and ambitious gentility is always spurious gentility. The garment which one has long worn never sits uncomfortable.

BEWARE of hating men for their opinions, or of adopting their doctrines because you love and venerate their virtues.

CORK FORESTS.

IN Spain and Portugal, where the cork-tree, or "Quercus Suber," is indigenous, it usually grows in densely packed groups, and attains to a height varying from thirty-five to sixty feet; and the trunk to a diameter of thirty to thirty-six inches. This species of the evergreen oak is often heavily caparisoned with wide-spreading branches, clothed with ovate oblong evergreen leaves, downy underneath, and the edges slightly serrated. Annually, between April and May, it produces a flower of a yellowish color, succeeded by the acorns, which are oval nuts, fixed by their base into roughly, closely fitting permanent cups. They ripen in the autumn, and serve as an article of food, resembling chestnuts in taste.

In order that the reader may form an idea of the extent of the cork forests of Southern Europe, and general magnitude of the cork industry, we propose doing this to some extent by illustrating the present state of the cork industry in Spain and Portugal. In the first place, we may add that the cork forests of Spain cover an area of 620,000 square acres, producing the finest cork in the world. These forests exist in groups, and cover wide belts of territory, those in the region of Catalonia and part of Barcelona being considered the first in importance. The second area in extent has within its confines several groups in the south, which converge into a gigantic belt of territory, occupying the entire district lying to the south of the Guadiana, and part of Estremadura, between the Tagus and the Guadiana rivers. In the latter region the forests are extremely dense; but the quality of cork harvested is inferior to that produced in the districts of Catalonia, where the cork is of a firmer and more compact texture. Although the cork forests of Estremadura and Andalusia yield cork of a much quicker growth, and possessing some excellent qualities, its consistency is less rigid, and on this amount it does not enjoy the high reputation in the open market which the cork of Catalonia does.

In grouping the chief cork forests in the province of Ferona, we include a great area of territory, stretching northward towards the Pyrenees to the valley of the Muge and Ter, and southward to the boundary of the province. The whole of this area consists of ancient schist formation. In those parts of the Spanish cork forests where the trees approach the seaboard, the cork suffers from a fungous growth which renders it useless for the production of corks. It it exported to this and other countries, and often used for rustic-work, such as the adornment of ferneries and other horticultural adjuncts.

The cork or bottle-stopper trade is still the chief cork-consuming factor; but this branch of the industry is not free from encroachments of rivalry, which so often check a monopoly of this kind. In this trade several new inventions are introduced to the public with the object of facilitating the trouble sometimes experienced in drawing the cork bottle-stopper. Some of these new stoppers certainly possess this advantage over the cork-stopper. The specific qualities, however, of the cork-stopper are too unique in themselves ever to admit of their being totally annihilated. Imperviousness to air and water is a rare quality which cork possesses over any other known material; besides, they convey no disagreeable taste or flavor to the liquid they retain. These, coupled with such other qualities as compressibility and elasticity, are virtues which it would be difficult to find in any substance outside the range of cork.

The application of cork as a bottle stopper for liquid vessels is said to be of great antiquity; the earliest record extant of its use in Europe is that mentioned by Horace, who asserts that the Romans had cork as stoppers for their wine amphoræ. Certain of the uses of cork were known to the ancient Greeks and Egyptians; but whether they used used cork for stopping the mouths of their liquid vessels history does not say. It was not, however, until the year 1760 that the Spaniards first commenced to work their cork-woods with some degree of regularity for the making of 'corks.'

UNWRITTEN BOOKS.—It was Milton's early ambition, as everybody knows, to write an epic on the subject of King Arthur. At one time he even contemplated rewriting the story of Macbeth, and would no doubt have followed the severe classical model, in startling contrast to Shakespeare's treatment. The idea of an epic on the subject of Arthur also captivated Dryden, as also did the story of the Black Prince; but his smooth and elastic couplets were reserved for dramatic and satiric purposes. Sir Walter Scott thought that an epic on the exploits of King Arthur from the pen of Dryden would have been a glorious monument of English genius as well as a record of native heroism. As a specimen of the bad taste of that age, it might be mentioned that Dryden once thought of turning the "Paradise Lost" into rhyme, and a few years later it was suggested that Pope should dramatise that grand poem.

Gibbon once meditated a Life of Raleigh and began to collect materials for the purpose. After reading Oldys' Life of the great Elizabethan, he relinquished the design, modestly thinking "he could add nothing new to the subject except the uncertain merit of style and sentiment." He decided to "embrace a safer and more extensive scheme," and successively chose the History of the Liberty of the Swiss, and the History of the Republic of Florence under the Medici, before that famous day in Rome when he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, and the idea of writing the Decline and Fall of the city first started to his mind.

Isaac Disraeli, in his interesting sketch of Oldys, the antiquary and his manuscripts, refers to the "masses of curious knowledge now dispersed or lost." Oldys once contracted to supply Ten Years of the Life of Shakespeare unknown to the Biographers; but he did not live to fulfil the engagement, and, says Disraeli, "that interesting narrative is now hopeless for us." Although he made vast collections of biographical and literary curiosities, he made but little practical use of them; and Disraeli pictures him as "breathing a self-reproach in one of those profound reflections of melancholy which so often startle the man of study, who truly discovers that life is too limited to acquire real knowledge with the ambition of dispensing it to the world:

> I say, who too long in these cobwebs lurks,
> Is always whetting tools, but never works.

Sir Walter Scott's latest literary project, conceived at Naples in the last years of his life, was to edit Mother Goose's tales with antiquarian and mythological notes; and one must regret that the curious and out-of-the-way learning of Scott was not to be devoted to that purpose. The abandonment of his contemplated Lives of Peterborough and John, Duke of Argyll, was less serious.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS

LOTTIE.—Half a pint of strong cold beef tea every morning before breakfast is recommended for strengthening the voice.

R. R.—English gold currency began only in 1257, when Henry III. struck a gold penny; and not till 1343 or 1344 was a regular gold coinage issued.

READER.—The Battle of Emperors was fought at Austerlitz, 1805. The Emperors present were Napoleon, Francis of Austria and Alexander of Russia. Over 170,000 men were actually engaged in the battle, and of this number 21,000 were killed or wounded, or 13 per cent. of the whole.

R. M. P.—There is no particular reason, except that the inexorable law of such matters has so willed it. Perhaps it may arise from the fact that gold is more precious than silver, and this explanation gains some coloring from the fact that the seventy-fifth anniversary is called the diamond wedding.

ANXIOUS.—Astronomically, spring begins on March 21st; summer, June 21st; autumn September 23d; and winter, December 21st. But it is popularly said that the months of spring are March, April and May; summer, June, July, August; autumn, September, October, November; winter, December, January February.

ANNIE.—Pictures for covering a screen are generally collected from all sorts of sources; we have no doubt that a bookseller could supply you with what you want. We cannot possibly say what the cost would be, as you can make it as little or as much as you please. If the pictures are gathered from old periodicals, advertisements, etc., the cost would be next to nothing.

M. N. E.—To make violet ink, mix one drachm of the proper aniline color with one and a half ounces of alcohol in a glass or enameled iron vessel, let it stand for three hours; then add thirteen ounces of distilled water, and subject the whole to a gentle heat until the alcohol has evaporated, that is, until no odor of alcohol is perceptible; then add four drachms of gum arabic dissolved in three ounces of water. Mix and strain. As the aniline colors of commerce vary a great deal in quality, the amount of dilution must vary with the samples used, and the shade determined by trial.

G. H. W.—If you are positive beyond the possibility of doubt that your love for her is of the kind that trial only strengthens, and if you are certain that her love for you is now a genuine affection instead of merely the romantic attachment of a girl of fifteen, it might be well for you to endeavor to bring about a reconciliation. Many of the young lady's indiscretions were doubtless due to her youth and her environment. As she grows older she will grow wiser, and will appreciate the necessity for education. But do not take any decided step in the matter until you are perfectly assured of her and your own feelings.

E. T. S.—Vertigo, or dizziness of the head, is caused by irritation of the nerves of the stomach in dyspepsia, by long application of the mind, by a weakened nervous system, by hysterics, and by a fulness of the blood vessels of the head. When it proceeds from most of these causes it is not thought to be dangerous; but when caused by impending apoplexy, it is, of course, a symptom of very grave import. To get rid of it, if it proceeds from dyspepsia, eat lightly; if from constipation, take some gentle physic. Avoid coffee, and late suppers, and take as much exercise as possible.

L. D. R.—Murrhine vases were a species of ware often mentioned by writers of the Roman Empire, the material of which has been much disputed by modern antiquaries. They came from the East, and, according to Pliny, were made of some precious stone found chiefly in Parthia; but some have conjectured that this was an erroneous opinion prevalent among the Romans, and that they were in reality of porcelain, of which the manufacture was unknown to the western nations, while others have contended that they were made of variegated onyx stone. They have also been referred to as having the reputed quality of breaking if poison was mixed with the liquor they contained.

A VIGIL.

His Madness.

BY A. G. B.

WHILL TREMAYNE and I were college friends, some years ago. He kept his rooms on the ground floor in the corner of the quaint old red brick court of St. John's, and I was one of the few men who were on with. He was never very popular, for he was too reserved and exclusive, holding aloof from the rowing set, though he was perhaps the best oar in the first boat, and not sufficiently practical and orthodox in his aims and ideas for the reading men. Yet he was undoubtedly clever in a vague sort of way, and to those who really knew him his manner was singularly charming, although his changes of mood were as capricious and sudden as April's showers, and a chance word might at any time throw him into a dreamy, brooding fit, or, more rarely, into a white heat of passion. It is more than twenty years ago since I saw him last in Lamb Court, Cambridge, and there can be no reason why I should not relate the strange events which spoiled and shortened his life.

How far, indeed, they were actual events, and how much was merely the vivid imagination of a neurotic but unbalanced intellect, I cannot say. I shall not attempt to explain or theorize, and from the simple statement of what I myself saw, and what Tremayne told me, each reader may draw his own conclusions.

At the end of my third year at Cambridge, as soon as we could get down after his Tripos, I went home with Tremayne. It was an unusually hot summer, I remember, and he was fast breaking the strain of the long, thirty days in the Senate House, with the air quivering with heat, and the silence only broken by the swish of the examiners' gowns, as they marched slowly down the long rows of tables, and the irritating scratching of flying pens. It was a real forget-away into the country, to the Vicarage of the little Midland village where Will lived with his uncle. We had a very quiet time there, fishing and rambling across country, and falling in love—or, at least, Will with Kitty Maitland at the Hall. I was a mere old bachelor now, as my wife and bride, but I too have lived in Arcadia and dreamed my dreams. I may never have anything but dreams with me, and yet they have had more reality in my life than many realities.

One night, as we sat smoking in the garden, Tremayne, who had fallen into a dreamy mood, suddenly sprang up and said:

"Bob, you've never seen the old church by moonlight, have you? Let's pay an evening call on the knights and dames in marble."

"All right," I said lazily; "get the keys."

We strolled across the grass where the yew-trees cast strange black shadows over the mounds and tombstones, and up the aisle to the chapel, where, behind a carved oak screen, and under their canopies of marble, lay the effigies of two knights and a lady. The moonlight poured down on them in all the splendor of a cloudless night in June, and the flickering shadow of a branch outside played weirdly over the face of one gigantic figure carved in full armor.

"Queer-looking old chap, isn't he?" said Will; "doesn't look as if he'd stick at much. He was an awful brute in the old days, you know, when the ruin on the hill was his baronial hall. The villagers say he visits it once a year still. He would be buried standing up, and no one dared to disobey him, even when he was dead; so down in the vault below, his coffin stands on end, with a hole in the lead where his skull looks out. I've seen it many a time."

"How ghastly!" I said. "Who was he?"

"Oh, an ancient enemy of my forefathers. There's an old monkish chronicle at the Vicarage, which tells how he and Guglielmus Tremagnus—same name as mine—fell out about some lady. My ancestor had the pull of him there, but the old blackguard got his revenge, for he put an arrow through him from behind a tree, soon after the wedding. Let's go down and board him in his vault, and tell him what we think of him."

"Don't be a fool, Tremayne!" I said; "what is the earthly good of going down there now?"

"Rubbish!" he answered, laughing; "I believe you're afraid."

"Oh, well then, if that's what you think," I said, "come on;" and I took up a candle from the lectern, lighted it, and stood waiting.

He lifted a stone in the floor, and we went down a flight of stone steps, feeling our way along the chill, damp walls. The place was heavy with the peculiar unclean scent of mould and rottenness, thick with black darkness, and, cold as it was, the air felt hot and close. I felt that I ought not to have allowed him to go, still nervous and excitable from the strain of his examination, but the taunt of fear irritated me and made me careless.

"Here you are, Bob," he said, stopping in front of a huge leaden coffin standing upright against the wall; "bring the candle along."

I held it high above my head, and peered into the darkness. The next moment I stepped back aghast, for through a jagged hole there leered out upon us a yellow skull, with what seemed to my fancy a malignant, fiendish grin. As I stood there looking into its eyeless sockets, Tremayne began to talk to it, at first in a flippant, mocking way; but gradually he got excited, and addressed it as if it were a living thing, taunting it with the evil it had done, and its present impotence. He seemed carried away by a freakish madness, snapped his fingers at the grisly thing, defied it, and heaped insults on it.

"Tremayne," I gasped at last, "for Heaven's sake, come away. You're not yourself; come out of this foul air." As I clutched his arm, something—I suppose it was a bat—flew suddenly out from behind the skull, and knocked the candle out of my hand, and as we struggled up the steps through the pitchy darkness, a low, evil chuckle seemed to come from behind us.

"Did you see it?" he panted with dry lips and a drawn, ashen face, leaning heavily against the church door. "Did you see it? It was his soul, his devil's soul flew out."

"Nonsense, man," I said; "it was a bat or an owl. You are feverish and hysterical. Over-work has pulled your nerves to pieces. Come home and get to bed."

"But it laughed at me. "Didn't you hear it laugh at me?"

"Why, Tremayne," I said, "you can imagine hearing anything in your state. A man's senses play him queer tricks when he's unstrung. Pull yourself together and come away."

He was in a high fever by the time I got him home, and I sat by his bed night after night, as he tossed and raved; but at last he pulled through. We never mentioned that night again, and as soon as he was strong enough his uncle took him away to the south of France. I returned to Cambridge, finished my law course, and settled down in chambers to wait for briefs, and somehow never met Tremayne again for years. But I heard from him occasionally, heard of his engagement to Kitty Maitland, and heard, a little later, of her death—my poor Kitty!

It was a sad thing. She was only nineteen, and their engagement was hardly a month old, when she was drowned one night in the little river just below the mill. No one quite knew how it happened. I did not hear of it from Tremayne himself, for he broke down again, and hung between life and death for weeks. I think he was never the same man again after that—perhaps his brain was unsettled, and morbid fancies grew on him, but it is hard to say.

One night as I was sitting alone in my rooms, a telegram was brought up to me. It was from Tremayne, begging me to go to him at once. I had not heard of him since Kitty's death, and I felt at once that I must go. I did not know why, but a strange, chilly sensation came over me, and I thought of that night in the church.

It was a heavy, sultry October evening when I stepped out of the train at Langthorne, and the red moon loomed large and low through the rising mist, while fitful little gusts of wind in the tree-tops foreboded a coming storm, but I hardly recognized in the haggard, wild-eyed man who met the athlete who had stroked our college boat to the head of the river so short a time before.

"I'm glad you've come, Bob," he said; "you won't have very long to be with me, though."

"Oh, I can stay a week if you like," I answered. "My clients are not so numerous as all that."

"I don't mean that," he said. "I have not long to stay with you."

"Why, Will, you have years before you yet," I replied. "You must not get those fancies into your head, old man. Others beside you have been hardly used by Fate, and lived to be happy enough."

"Perhaps so," he answered wearily; "my case is different. I have had my warning, and Heaven only knows what my end will be like, but it will come soon."

"Will," I said, "it is worse than foolish to talk like this. It's a cowardly weakness to give way to such gloomy ideas."

But he only shook his head gloomily, and returned the same answer to all I said:

"Wait till you have heard my story."

And that evening he told it me. I cannot say how much of it is to be literally believed, how much is only the diseased imagination of an unbalanced brain. But it was an awful thing to hear, as he spoke in a low, rapid voice, with feverish energy, while the rising wind howled among the tossing trees, and the moon scudded through the driving black clouds.

"Bob," he said, "you remember that night in the church, don't you? When I was mad, and mocked at that cursed thing. Do you recollect how it laughed at me in the dark? I have seen it twice since then—twice in the open day—and each time it laughed the same hellish laugh. Don't interrupt me"—as I began to protest—"I tell you solemnly it has cursed my life, and its devilish revenge will be consummated very soon. I dare say you think I am mad now. I only wonder that I am not.

"It killed my darling. You may well start, but I know it as well as if my eyes had seen it. This is the night when, by some awful power, it leaves that vault, and goes back to the ruin where it lived its evil life five hundred years ago. It was a year ago to-night that Kitty died. I came back from the town early in the evening, and started for the Hall. When I got to the old wooden bridge—you know it, don't you? when we used to fish below the mill pool—I saw her leaning on the rail, watching the sunset on the water. She did not seem to hear me coming; I stood close behind her and said 'Kitty!'—and then, my God! I can see it now—the figure turned, and instead of my darling's flower face, I was looking straight into that yellow skull, with its fixed devil's grin. I heard it laugh at me, its hollow, chuckling laugh; you remember it, don't you, Bob?"

I nodded silently, and he went on:

"I don't know what happened then. I suppose I fainted. The next thing that I remember was looking round with a vague wonder at finding myself in the parlor at the mill, with the doctor and the miller's wife bending over me. I must been unconscious some time, for it was quite dark then. I would not rest as they told me, but hurried as well as I could to the Hall. They told me that she had gone to the Vicarage. I went back, but she was not there. We searched for her in vain all the night, but in the morning I found her down by the river bank, just below the bridge, quite dead, my darling, quite dead.

"They said it was an accident, that the handrail was old and rotten, and must have given way as she leaned on it. But I know better, Bob. And I swear to you, whether you will believe it or not—on her little white throat were five livid marks, the print of a bony hand!"

"My dear Tremayne," I said, struggling to shake off the thrill of horror that came over me, "you are allowing your whole life to be distorted by the hideous fancies of one night. The fact is that, whenever your brain is over-worked and you are run down generally, the vivid impression of that ghastly thing comes before you. Those bruises might easily have been caused by the stones in the river. Now take my advice. Get the doctor to make you up something which will give you a sound night's rest, and to-morrow you must get right away from this place. Go to Algiers, or the Cape—anywhere quite away from here."

He shook his head gloomily.

"I shall be sleeping sound enough to-morrow, Bob," he said; "let me finish my story. I saw it again yesterday—here, in this room!"

Involuntarily I looked round with some thing of a start, for he was gazing with a wild, fixed stare behind me.

"You needn't be frightened," he said, with a cackling little laugh; "there's nothing there now. It was yesterday morning. I came in tired after a long walk, and as I opened the door I saw myself—as clearly as I see you now—leaning with my arms on the mantelpiece, and head turned towards the mirror."

"Of course you saw yourself, Will," I said, "with a mirror opposite you. A man usually does."

"But a man does not see his own back, Bob; and he does not see what I did as I looked over its shoulder. The figure—my figure—never turned or moved, but through the glass, in the full sunlight, that devil looked out at me, with its fleshless jaws parted in their hollow grin. I did not faint then, but struck full at it with my stick, cursing it as I struck. The mirror flew into fragments, and the thing was gone; but through the crash of the breaking glass I heard the echo of its hateful, jeering laugh."

He paused a moment; then his breath came hard and fast as he went on in a hurried whisper I could hardly catch:

"It is a year ago to-night, Bob, since Kitty died."

I argued with him for a long time. I told him it was a hallucination due to his nervous condition, and that in the morning he would laugh at these fancies. But it was no use; the same weary smile and shake of the head were all his answer, and at last we parted and went to bed.

I could not sleep, but lay listening to the growing storm, and starting up at every little sound that seemed to my excited mind to come from the next room, where Tremayne slept. Quite suddenly the wind dropped, and what seemed an endless silence followed—a dead stillness without a sound in the black darkness, except the monotonous ticking of my watch, which beat on my ear like the strokes of a hammer.

Then at last the storm burst, and every little detail of the room leaped out in the lurid blaze of the lightning. The thunder crashed and rolled among the hills, and the rain rattled like bullets on the tiles. Another lull, as the storm seemed gathering up all its force for a madder burst of fury, and then, through the horrible silence, came a wild shriek of terror.

I sprang up, seized a candle, and hurried out into the corridor. As I opened the door of his room, I staggered back, half blinded by a jagged flash, which came through the murky blackness, and as the roar of the thunder rolled away, it rattled and rang like a mocking peal of infernal laughter. Tremayne was stretched across the bed, and on his face an expression of agoniz d horror, such as I hope never to see again. It was a terrible sight, but one thing was the strangest of all, and made me faint and sick as I noticed it. I do not know what was the cause of it; whether it was a curious effect of electricity, or some peculiar effusion of blood, or perhaps something stranger still.

But I tell it as the exact and simple truth. When we raised him up, and his head fell back on the pillow, I saw on his throat five long black marks, like the print of a skeleton hand.

THE water in a fountain that played over Annie Strathmore while she was posing a living picture in Boston, the other night, suddenly changed from luke-warm to iced, and Annie at once introduced ideas peculiar to herself into the picture by struggling and finally yelling. She was ill with nasty scalds

THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

There formerly resided in Bordeaux, a young, rich, and handsome widow, who had for six months incessantly lamented the loss of a husband, tenderly beloved. A fatal storm had wrecked the vessel in which he had embarked, and every soul on board was supposed to have perished. The young widow, though surrounded by admirers, observed scrupulously the rules of decorum; at length, however, the persuasions of her friends had effect, and she once more threw open her doors to receive company.

Madame St. Amaro had one foible, she loved play to excess; and that is the alone threatened to involve her in much trouble. On the evening of her first fete, a tall, graceful figure, masked, followed her paying her many delicate attentions. To rid herself of his importunities she sat down at the card table, and was successful for about [illegible] years.

The mask, who had taxed himself behind her chair, then solicited the honor of playing with her, which she granted, and renewed the game with fresh spirit, though not with equal good fortune. Madame was pquied at [illegible] Kitty the impertinent mask, and staked [illegible] amount. [illegible] stranger was triumphant, and [illegible] his pocket a large purse of gold. [illegible] resolved to risk the [illegible]. [illegible] at cards might [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] her impatience. Another would not recede, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Turned to Ice.

BY M. E. C.

"SHE will freeze you to death," said Minnie Holmes, finishing an elaborate description of her friend, Miss Helen Ramsay; "anything so cold and still I never saw. It is so strange, Mordaunt!"

"So strange, that I can scarcely realize it," said her brother. "She was the gayest of the gay when I last saw her. To be sure, that is three years ago. What does it mean, Minnie? Some love story?"

"Nobody knows," replied Minnie. "Soon after you left home, she went to Madeira with her mother, who was in a consumption. In a short time she returned, bringing home only the remains of Mrs. Ramsey. Since then she has lived in a state of gloomy apathy. She was inclined to shut herself up entirely; but her aunt, after the year of mourning was over, insisted upon her resuming her place in society. Still, wearing heavy mourning, she looks strangely out of place among her old friends, for her dress is not more gloomy than her dark face. She has turned to ice."

"Was she so fondly attached to her mother?" inquired Mordaunt.

"She loved her very dearly," replied Minnie; "but her death was not sudden. For five years she had been sinking slowly."

"Strange!" said her brother. "Poor Helen! Do you think I had better call, Minnie?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "She receives visits—and you are such an old friend."

Three years before, when Helen Ramsey was a belle and heiress, winning hearts by her beauty and wit, and admiration by her wealth and taste, Mordaunt Holmes had learned to love her. He was the eldest of nine children, and his father, a physician in full practice, had given him every advantage of education and position; but when his college course was finished, he knew that his duty was to earn his own livelihood. No idler, he earnestly sought employment, and became an active member of a large commercial house. Still, at the time he first learned the secret of his own love, his salary was small, his position uncertain, and he fell from the train of the heiress's followers, proud and honorable enough to shrink from the appearance of fortune hunting. The way soon opened to amend his fortunes. A responsible position in the Paris branch of the house where he was employed was soon after offered him, and, at the end of three years passed abroad, he returned home a member of the firm. Not a day passed without Minnie, his pet sister, being called upon for a full description of "everybody," and thus he learned the change in Helen.

His card was turned up, and he was shown into the large drawing-room of the fashionable house, where the orphan heiress resided with her aunt. Upon the table lay the inevitable album for photographs, which serves so well to fill up the tedious minutes a morning caller has to wait. Mordaunt opened it. Several well-known faces of old friends met his eye, but he turned leaf after leaf, till two pictures, facing each other, arrested his attention. So like, yet so different! The one, a tall, handsome brunette, standing in an evening dress of rich silk and lace. The heavy, black braids interwoven with pearls, encircled a face full of animation and life. The large, dark eyes, frank and fearless, shone with joyous light; the rosy lips were just parted in a smile. Well Mordaunt remembered the merry party who went to "sit for portraits" when this one was taken; but the companion, facing it, was new to him. Her heavy, black drapery shrouded her neck and arms. The glossy braids were gone, and plain bands swept the pale cheeks. The dark eyes looked forward as if the vacancy before them was filled with haunting shadows; and the perfect mouth was set with stern, resolute sadness. One year only had flung its shadow between the two pictures. He was still studying the faces, when the rustle of a dress beside him made him turn.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Holmes. We have missed you from our circle."

That was all; the cool yet kindly greeting of mere acquaintanceship. Yet her hand trembled, and was cold as ice, as he took it within his. If his life had paid the forfeit of his boldness, he could not have resisted the impulse to break the icy barrier she offered him.

Only a few words of sympathy for her loss, of pleasure in again meeting her, passed his lips; but his tone of earnest sincerity, his warm clasp of the little cold hand, and his look of sorrowful interest spoke volumes. Perhaps she understood him, for even more chilling was her tone in answering. In vain he tried, through the long call, to bring one smile to her lip, one word of cordiality to bid him hope he could move her. Each measured word, every inflexion of the hard, cold voice drove him despairing from the attempt. Minnie was turned to ice.

At last he rose to go. Yearning with painful interest over his broken life; longing to gather the sad heart into the warm clasp of his love, to comfort and love this mourner, he must bid her a conventional adieu, take up hat and gloves, and walk off as coolly as if his own heart was not aching with sympathy for her burdened one. There was no help for it, and accepting her cold "Good morning," he left the room. As he stood with the hall door open he suddenly remembered a message of Minnie's about some fancy bazaar, in which she was interested, that he had promised to deliver. Shutting the door again hastily, he crossed the hall to arrest Miss Ramsey before she left the drawing-room. As he stood in the open doorway he saw her; not as he had left her, erect and cold, but half lying upon the sofa, her face buried in her outstretched arms, her frame shaking with sobs. Such utter prostration of grief he had never witnessed. Her whole figure was convulsed; the little hands were clenched, and she moaned audibly. He was a gentleman, although a lover, and restraining the impulse to throw himself before her, and entreat her to tell him her sorrow, he softly retraced his steps through the hall and left the house.

Mordaunt Holmes loved Helen Ramsey too truly, too constantly, to let his one repulse discourage him. Day after day he sought her, devoting the whole treasure of his heart and brain to her service; trying, by every tender wile to win the laugh to her lips, the fire to her eyes, fully repaid for an evening of striving, if but once the pale lips parted to smile on him. There were hours, though rare ones, when she threw off her mantle of sorrow, and gave him thought for thought, smile for smile; nay, sometimes, he almost fancied an answering look of love for love. But some memory would break the spell, and, like the Gorgon's eyes, turn her to stone again.

At last, weary of the unequal contest, he risked all. They had been trying some new music, in a half lazy way, when almost unconsciously his fingers dropped upon the opening notes of the ballad "Rock me to Sleep, Mother." A gasping cry arrested his hand. He looked up to the still, cold face suddenly convulsed with a horror and misery that appalled him. Involuntarily he spoke.

"Helen," said he, "what is it?" Let me share this burden of sorrow. I love you, and it kills me to see you suffer so."

"You love me?" she said, in a tone of passionate grief. "You would hate me if I let you see my heart. But I will, I will, for this life is killing me. I am breaking my own heart, to drive yours away. While you come, I linger in the light of your love, as a moth does round the fatal lamp, knowing it must blight my life at last; for I love you, Mordaunt—loved you more that you so proudly drew back from me when I was rich and coveted; and now, when you are my comforter, and can so delicately try to renew my life's sunshine, I still repeat, I love you. No, do not take my hand, for—for—it is the hand of a murderess!"

"Helen, you rave," said he.

"No; I am calm, rational," she replied. "I killed my mother—my mother, for whom I would have died. It was in Madeira, where the soft air and lovely climate were restoring her life. She suffered with severe pain at times round the heart, and the physician gave me a lotion for external use that he warned me was poison. Other medicine she took hourly; and one night, wearied with long nursing, I left the bottles on the table near her to reach them without rising from my place beside her. Whilst I slept—slept with a mother's life in my charge—she took the wrong medicine; she died in convulsions before we could summon a doctor—the phial pouring its poisonous contents from her clenched hand to the floor."

"My poor darling!" said he. "Oh, Helen!" he continued, "I have no words to comfort such sorrow. Only Heaven can help you."

"I dare not ask forgiveness," she said. "My sin is too great."

"Hush, hush!" said Mordaunt. "This is your sin, Helen, that, for an involuntary omission of duty, you dare to question your Maker's mercy and love. Oh, my darling! seek Him for comfort. He will lift this heavy burden from your heart for ever."

"Oh, Mordaunt, help me!" she sobbed. "I am all yours; help me to bear my sorrow as a Christian."

The ice was broken. Through the short engagement, through the years of love that followed the quiet wedding, it never formed again. The careless girlhood was gone. The ringing laugh, the light jest, might never return to their olden place; but the happy, earnest, Christian woman lived to bless to love that first won her back to warmth and light when her heart was Turned to Ice.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

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Our Young Folks.

IN DIREFUL PLIGHT.

BY SHEILA.

THERE were six little girls, and never a boy, at Hatherleigh Lodge. Six little girls; three with dark hair, three with light: Joan, Dolly, Phyllis, May, Trixie, and Dimples, the baby, whom nobody ever thought of calling by her proper name—Agnes.

It was a pity, so most people said, shaking their heads wisely, that at least two of the girls were not boys. "What would it be when they all got into long frocks?" was the general remark; as if there would not be enough stuff in the whole of London for half a dozen dresses with tails to them!

One of the girls—it was Phyllis—did the best she could in the circumstances, and tried to be a regular tom-boy, but there wasn't much consolation in that. What if Phyllis had short hair, and whistled, and stuck her hands in her pockets, and climbed nut-trees like a monkey? It didn't make her into a true boy. She was really no good as a brother, after all.

Into this family of girls Master Peter Pyper tumbled like a present from the clouds. I must tell you that his real name was Douglas, and not Peter at all; but you will understand without any telling that it was quite impossible to call him anything but Peter. No other name went properly hand in hand with Pyper.

Peter, then, came to live at Hatherleigh Lodge. He was a distant cousin of the little Arkwrights, and when he was left an orphan, Mr. Arkwright adopted him, and the girls nearly smothered him with kisses. Unfortunately, Peter was not used to kissing, and broke into loud howls, which alarmed the little girls very much. Would their adopted brother always squeal at them in that dreadful way? And how were they to make friends with a young gentleman who yelled if you attempted to tickle him?

This state of things, however, did not last long. Peter quickly became used to his new home, and learned to order his cousins about; if they disobeyed his sovereign commands, he pulled their hair.

Phyllis was the only one who ventured to contradict the young tyrant. Once they had an argument on the nursery floor, in the course of which Phyllis sat upon Peter and administered correction with the back of a French grammar. She did not slap very hard, but hard enough to make Master Pyper respect her for the future, and leave off calling her hair rats'-tails.

Peter had not been very long at Hatherleigh Lodge before he got lost; nobody ever understood how.

Towards evening the wanderer was found at the police-station, the other side of the common, munching bread and jam, and talking affably to a big policeman.

When Mr. Arkwright appeared to take him home Peter resisted stoutly. He wanted to be a policeman himself, and stay with his friends in blue; but finally he was borne away kicking and screaming.

Peter began his education in the schoolroom, with Dolly, Phyllis, and the rest; but after a time it was decided that he should attend a boys' school. There was a preparatory one kept by two ladies, Miss Letitia and Miss Martha Crapper, and to this Master Peter was sent. He was delighted at first; for his secret idea was that neither of the Misses Crapper would be able to manage him, and that consequently he would be able to manage the Misses Crapper.

When he saw them he thought differently. They had such large noses and such long chins, and they wore such commanding caps—more like helmets than anything else. Peter was so overawed that when Miss Letitia demanded, in a deep bass voice, "Douglas Pyper, what is your age?" he replied that he couldn't remember, and gave her a poor opinion of his abilities from the very beginning.

Peter was an idle little rogue; there was no doubt about that. He was not stupid: he could learn fast enough when he liked; but, as Miss Letitia declared grimly, he did not "apply."

He generally found something to distract his attention from his books; and so it was no wonder that Master Peter Pyper found himself one lovely April day planted in the corner, with a dunce's cap upon his flaxen poll.

It was that dreadful long division sum that chiefly sent him there. Nothing would induce the thing to come right, and Peter sucked his slate pencil thoughtfully, and wondered who it was that was so foolish as to invent arithmetic. The classes broke up; the pupils ran off to their homes; Miss Letitia and her sister left the room, and there was a nice smell of dinner. Outside, the sun was shining; it was almost warm enough for the middle of summer. Peter blinked and gave a yawn. Then he started, he felt his ear pinched.

"Come away with me, Peter Pyper," said a snappy voice; and Peter found a remarkably odd lanky creature in a red cap standing by his side. He felt a cold shiver run down his back as he looked at him.

"No, thank you," said Peter. "I'd rather stay here. Oh, you're pinching!" for the figure gave his ear a second nip.

"Ho, ho, ho!" cried a chorus of voices, and Peter saw a number of creatures running from all parts of the room. Evidently they were all jeering at him, and one fellow, labelled "Spelling Book," was positively insulting.

"Duck him in the Dunces' Pond!" shouted Peter's tormentors.

"Come along, Peter Pyper," said the lanky gentleman in the red cap once more; and Peter felt obliged to go forward.

Just then there was a jingling as of quantities of little bells, and the sound came nearer and nearer.

"There's the Dunces' Cart!" yelled the sprites. "Hurrah! hurrah! Pack him in! pack him in!"

A wagon, drawn by eight donkeys, came up to the gate. It was packed full of boys and girls of all ages, and Peter noticed that each wore a cap with bells, and, what was more, that each had a pair of asses' ears. The driver looked like the brother of the red-capped gentleman, and whipped up the donkeys with a long birch rod.

"Be quick! There's another load waiting for me," said the driver; and Peter was shot in among the other inmates of the wagon.

That moment he felt a queer pricking sensation on each side of his head; putting his hands to his ears, he found that they were soft and furry. Peter turned red in the face; he tugged at his ears, but only hurt himself.

"It's all right," laughed a boy who was underneath him, for the wagon was simply piled with children. "We are all dunces together here. I should leave your ears alone, if I were you."

"But what are they going to do with us?" asked Peter, in a tone of concern.

"Duck us in the Dunces' Pond."

"Is it very deep?"

"Yes, I should say so; deep enough to drown us."

At this cheering news Peter shook until all the bells of his cap—for he found himself provided with one, like the others—jingled again. Even his ears waggled with fright.

"But, I say," he whispered to the boy, "couldn't we escape anyhow? The wagon isn't going very fast."

"No; we are too well guarded for that."

Peter managed to raise himself a little, and saw that the boy was right. Upon each side of them marched a double row of lanky, prickly figures, with pointed noses and red caps. No; it would be impossible to escape.

"How long will it be before we get to the Dunces's Pond?" he asked in a weak voice.

"I don't know. You will see when we get there, and that will be soon enough. Don't ask me so many questions. I want to go to sleep."

Peter thought it was wonderful the boy could think of sleep when the wagon was bumping so terribly, and everybody's bells ringing. It seemed to him a very long journey, but all at once the driver began to whip up his donkeys and shout at them.

The wagon bumped along at a furious pace; the boys and girls were tossed up and down.

"We are getting near the pond," remarked Peter's new acquaintance, yawning. "Now, if you can catch a buoy, you will be able to get out, but if not——"

Souse! they were all in the middle of the Dunces' Pond; the coachman had driven right into it, and overturned the wagon.

Peter shouted, and splashed, and spluttered as the cold water got into his mouth. Then it closed over his head, and he wished he had learnt his lessons better.

Just as he came up again he saw an arithmetic book floating past, and made a violent effort to reach it. Perhaps he could get to the bank by its aid.

But the arithmetic book raised a mocking face and swam away, calling—

"Who is it that can't do long division sums?"

Then something seized his arm and shook it, and Peter opened his eyes, and stared bewildered at Miss Letitia Crapper bending over him grimly.

"Now that you have had a sleep, Master Douglas Lazybones," said she, "you will perhaps finish that long division sum!"

FENCING FOR LADIES.—The announcement of a proposed fencing club for ladies in Paris will, no doubt, lead to a similar institution over here. For some time past fencing has been a very popular exercise with women of the upper class, and has a great effect in improving the figure. Princess Helen of Orleans fences admirably, and numbers of the younger actresses are great adepts. Miss Mary Dickens, the grand-daughter of the novelist, is another graceful lady fencer. Fencing is, at any rate, prettier and more graceful work than foot balling, which is the latest feminine exploit with which we are now threatened. But if women are going to take part in football scrimmages we sincerely hope they will go without any millinery on their heads. There will be perils enough without the additional possibility of having a good-sized hat-pin penetrating a fair player's brain.

IN GERMANY when the vote of the jury stands six against six the prisoner is acquitted. A vote of seven against five leaves the decision to the court, and in a vote of eight against four the prisoner is convicted.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Napoleon's coronation robes cost $4000.

Cuvier said that a whale might live to be 1000 years old.

The bull sperm whale is the most vicious fighter of all whales.

The phonograph is now used in American schools for teaching.

Common knives for belt and table use cost 40 cents apiece at Florence in 1560.

Life-savers on the French coast are hereafter to be aided by trained dogs.

Garibaldi's daughter is engaged on a book descriptive of her father's home life.

Account books, such as were used by merchants in the days of Pericles, cost 18 cents.

A Burmese village is a mere collection of mat and thatch huts, with light posts, easily shifted and re-erected at little cost.

A negro boy of Cherokee, Ga., who was attacked by three rattlesnakes and bitten several times, recovered within a few days.

Chicago policemen are being instructed in the use of appliances for the immediate aid of persons who meet with sudden sickness.

There were two total eclipses of the sun in the year 1712 and two in 1806. This rare phenomenon will not happen again until the year 2057.

There is a miniature Indian corn grown in Brazil. The ears are not larger than a little finger, and the grains are the size of mustard seeds.

Mud-baths were common among the ancients, the mud on the seashore and the slime of rivers being especially prized for this purpose.

A Michigan pickle company has just shipped to Boston five carloads of pickles, bound for England. They were 3000 barrels of 2400 pickles each.

The Board of Education at Mount Vernon, Ill., has decided that cigarette-smoking boys may not attend public schools. They might up smoking or be expelled.

Within sixty-two years Mexico has had fifty-four presidents, one regency, and one empire, and nearly every change of government has been effected by violence.

A beggar who died a few weeks ago in Auxerre, France, was found to have a million francs in bonds in a trunk, and in his cellar 400 bottles of wine of the vintage of 1793.

Superintendent of Police Byrnes, of New York, says that 63,460 violations of the law are known to have been committed by saloon-keepers of that city in three months recently.

It is proposed to introduce a bill in the next Legislature of Indiana limiting the number of saloons in the State to one for each 1000 inhabitants. Saloon keepers are organizing to prevent its passage.

The snow is already driving deer from the Southern Oregon mountains down into the foothills, and hunting is lively. A local authority estimates that the deer cannot be exterminated yet for 100 years.

It is estimated that about $10,000,000 have been invested in coffee houses, as an antidote of the saloon in England. It is said there are about 7000 of them, employing 56,000 persons, and they are a paying investment.

It is said to be the custom in the Leicester Free Library, England, to paste local advertisements over the betting news column of the daily papers, that the reader's attention may not be distracted by reading harmful matter.

A policeman in Chicago was sent a day or two ago to arrest a dog that was living without a license. But the animal, which is of the St. Bernard breed, took the offensive, and chased the guardian of the peace into a coal shed, and kept him there a prisoner for three hours.

CARVED IVORIES.

THE subject of Carved Ivory forms one of the most important branches of the industrial arts, for from extant examples the art may be traced from prehistoric to the present times, and specimens of carvings made by all peoples in all ages may be seen in the public museums and collections. Owing, probably, to the little intrinsic value of ivory, many specimens have been preserved, it being a substance of little or no value for turning into bullion, so much needed for the successful carrying on of the wars of the middle ages; many specimens also were preserved and hidden, owing to their portability and small size.

At the present time, when so many vegetable substances are being used in the place of ivory, it is so well that the nature and characteristics of true ivory should be stated. If a section were to be taken and carefully examined, there would be observed series of lines proceeding from a common centre in arcs of circles, also that these arcs intersected one another and formed minute diamond-shape spaces. In its strictest sense, true ivory is confined to that kind of tooth-substance which shows such diamond or lozenge shaped spaces.

The chief source of ivory is that obtained from the elephants of Africa and Asia. Ivory so obtained may be distinguished, owing to the African when first cut exhibiting hardly any grain, being first of a transparent tint, afterwards becoming lighter in color. Asiatic when first cut is like African which has been cut for some time, but becomes yellow by exposure to light. The African has a closer texture, and is capable of being more highly polished than the Asiatic variety. Beside elephant ivory, other substances have been largely used in the carving of the middle ages, notably walrus, narwhal, and hippopotamus ivory. It is interesting to note that King Ohtere of Norway visited King Alfred the Great in 890 A. D., after a walrus hunt in the North Sea, one of the objects of which was the obtaining of walrus ivory. Another very important source of ivory is that obtained from the Mammoth. Large quantities of this ivory have been found in the frozen soils of Siberia, it being said that nearly all the turned ivory-work of Russia has been made from this so-called fossil ivory. These extinct elephants from which it is obtained have been immured in the frozen soil for countless centuries. In prehistoric times herds of these animals roamed over Western Europe.

The very earliest carvings now extant are those found in the caves of Le Moustier and Madelaine, preserved at Paris, bearing representations of animals as seen by the prehistoric men. Amongst others are an ibex, a reindeer coming to a stream to drink, and perhaps the most important is an incised carving of the Mammoth, showing the long curved tusks and the shaggy mane, such as none of the present species possess.

Many centuries elapse between the prehistoric ivories and those to which any approximate date can be assigned. As in regard to other of the industrial arts, so in regard to that of carved ivory the earliest mention is referred to Egypt; a tablet of the twelfth or Theban dynasty (about 2020 B. C.) give directions for the making of a small statuette, parts of which were to be of ebony and parts of ivory.

In the British Museum are various chairs and other articles decorated with ivory, to which have been assigned dates varying from the eighteenth to the tenth centuries B. C., notably two daggers with plain uncarved ivory handles dating from the eighteenth or seventeenth century B. C.

When a person was elected consul under the Roman Empire, it became customary for him to send presents to the senators, high state officials, and other friends. These presents were very costly; and amongst others sent were ivory diptychs, upon the outsides of which would be generally carved a representation of the consul himself seated in his curule chair and attired in his official robes. In a lower compartment would be carved representations of the games with which the consul would inaugurate his year of office. Inside, the wax was inscribed with the names of the preceding consuls, finishing with that of the donor.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, various sculptors in ivory were engaged in carving portions of tusks with classical and other subjects, which were afterwards mounted in silver or silver-gilt by some of the finest Augsburg and Nuremberg workers, and formed vases and tankards. In the eighteenth century, various carvings in ivory were made chiefly of statuette and small plaques, but none attain to the excellence of the earlier carvings. In modern times, the ivory carvings of India have became noted for their minute and delicate work. In China and Japan, ivory has been carved, the ivory balls enclosed inside one another being specially noted. Many theories have been formed as to how these balls have been cut; perhaps a probable one is that a ball of ivory was taken, around the upper and lower ends of which four small holes were carved out, gradually diminishing in size towards the centre until the axis of the one hole met the axis of the other or lower one at right angles in the centre of the ball; and that then small tools were inserted, and a thin layer of ivory, forming a part of a circle from one hole to its lower corresponding one, was cut and loosened from the whole mass; and so gradually cutting from one hole to the next one, a complete inner circle was eventually loosened, the circles themselves afterwards being cut into the required pattern.

WHAT HE GOT.—A minister was once sent for to marry a young couple of a church about ten miles distant. When he arrived he found that although it was to be a country wedding, still it was to be a very large affair. The church was crowded, and as soon as he had taken his place at the altar the couple walked up. Just as the solemn ceremony had been concluded, and on them, the bridegroom took a large yellow envelope from his pocket, and with a low bow presented it to the minister, at the same time saying, in tones that could be heard all over the church. "That's for you." The minister, not wishing to have it appear that he cared anything about the fee, put the envelope in his pocket, after thanking the bridegroom for it. As he had to go home before dark, he made his way out of the church, and, getting into his buggy, drove off. Then he took the envelope out of his pocket and tore it open. His astonishment was great when he found that it contained only a small piece of brown paper, on which were scrawled these words: 'Mariah Ann and I are much obliged to you."

WHEN General John B. Gordon went to Columbia, Mo., to lecture on "The Last Days of the Confederacy," he met the man who carried him off the field when desperately wounded at Gettysburg. The veteran had walked 17 miles to see him.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

BY S. U. W.

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure,
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, plain as I am,
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land or on the sea,
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me,
But whether the Angel of Death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

THERE are many versions of the famous legend of the Flying Dutchman. Perhaps the story has been nowhere better told than by Captain Marryatt in the novel which he founded upon it. Cornelius Vanderdecken, a sea-captain of Amsterdam, coming home from Batavia, is much troubled by head-winds when off the Cape of Good Hope. Day after day he goes on struggling against the baffling weather without gaining a foot of ground. The sailors grew weary, the skipper impatient. Still the bleak sou'-wester continues to blow the old galliot steadily back.

For nine dreary weeks this goes on: then a terrible fit of passion seizes Vanderdecken. He sinks down upon his knees, and raising his clenched fists to the heavens, curses the Deity for opposing him, swearing that he will weather the Cape yet in spite of the Divine will, though he should go on beating about until the Day of Judgment.

As a punishment for this terrible impiety, he is doomed to go on sailing in the stormy seas east of Agulhas until the last trumpet shall sound, for ever struggling against head-winds in a vain effort to double the South African Cape. Such, in brief, is the legend of the Flying Dutchman, as it has been accepted by English-speaking sailors for many generations past. The rest is the creation of Marryat's imagination; the extirpation of Vanderdecken's sin by the lifelong devotion of his son Philip, and the ultimate crumbling away into thin air of the ship herself when Marryat had finished with her.

A Dutch account of the old legend says that the skipper of the phantom ship was a native of Amsterdam, one Bernard Fokke, who lived in the seventeenth century. He was a daring, reckless seaman, who had the masts of his ship encased with iron to strengthen them and enable him to carry more sail. It is recorded that he sailed from Holland to the East Indies in ninety days; and in consequence of having made many wonderful voyages, came at last to be reputed a sorcerer, in league with the devil.

In one voyage he disappeared for a while, having been spirited away by Satan, and on his return was condemned —the legend does not say by whom—to sail for ever the ocean between the southern capes with no other crew than his boatswain, cook, and pilot.

Many Dutch seamen believe that his vessel is still to be fallen in with in the Southern Ocean, and that, when he sights a ship, he will give chase for the purpose of coming alongside to ask questions. If these are not answered, all is well; but should those hailed be so injudicious as to make any reply, ill luck is certain to befall them.

Although, perhaps, no version of the famous old nautical tradition is so quaint and full of a weird kind of romance as the English one, yet there are others which are wilder, and glow with a more lurid color. The Germans particularly exhibit that quality of eerie fancifulness which enters into most of their lore in the stories they have of the phantom ship.

They tell of a spectral ship, to be met with in remote ocean solitudes, whose portholes grin with skulls instead of the muzzles of cannon. She is commanded by a skeleton, who grips in his bony hand an hour-glass; and her crew is composed of the ghosts of desperate sinners. Any honest trader that chances to encounter this grisly apparition is doomed to founder. Coleridge took his idea of a death-ship, in the "Ancient Mariner," from an old German legend.

She is a vessel that approaches without a breeze and without a tide, whose sails glance in the misty sunlight "like restless gossamers;" and in her cabin Death plays at dice with the woman Nightmare for the possession of the mariner's crew. She wins, whistles thrice, and off shoots the spectre bark.

The French version of the time-honored legend is given by Jal, in his "Scenes de la Vie Maritime." He says: "An unbelieving Dutch captain had vainly tried to round Cape Horn against a head gale. He swore he would do it; and when the gale increased, laughed at the fears of his crew, smoked his pipe, and drank his beer. He threw overboard some of them who tried to make him put into port. The Holy Ghost descended on the vessel; but he fired his pistol at it, and pierced his own hand and paralyzed his arm. He cursed God; and was then condemned by the apparition to navigate always, without putting into port, only having gall to drink, and red-hot iron to eat, and eternally to watch. He was to be the evil genius of the sea, to torment and punish sailors, the spectacle of his tempest-tossed bark to presage ill-fortune to the luckless beholder. He is the sender of white squalls, of all disasters, and of storms. Should he visit a ship, wine on board turns sour, and all food becomes beans—the sailors' particular aversion. Should he bring or send letters, none must touch them, or they are lost. He changes his appearance at will, and is seldom beheld twice under the same circumstances. His crew are all old sinners of the sea, marine thieves, cowards, murderers, and so forth. They toil and suffer eternally, and get but little to eat and drink. His ship is the true purgatory of the faithful and idle sailor."

The old Norsemen had a curious and vague tradition of a phantom ship, which they called Mannifaul. The fishermen of Normandy have another picturesque legend, upon which Tom Hood founded his poem, "The Phantom Boat of All-Souls' Night." They believe that if their masses for the souls of their friends in purgatory are rejected, a ghostly bark will come gliding in to the harbor with a spectral crew of the souls of those who had been drowned at sea.

The Italian legend is a local one, as old as the year 1339, when Venice was first wedded to the Adriatic by the ceremony of a ring being dropped over the prow of gondola into its limpid blue waters. During a tempest, a fisherman was bid to row three mysterious men first to certain churches in the city, then out to the entrance of the port. The boatman with terror beheld a vast Saracen galley rushing in before the wind, crowded with most fearful-looking demons. The three men in his boat, however, caused her to founder before she could get near the city, thus saving Venice. When they stepped ashore again, one of them handed the waterman a ring, by means of which these three strangers were discovered to be St. Mark, St. Nicholas, and St. George. Giorgione has painted this phantom vessel, with her crew of spectral demons leaping overboard, affrighted by the saints; and the picture may still be seen in the Venetian Academy.

LIFE ON AN IRON-CLAD.—Admiral Von Werner, a high authority on naval matters in Germany, describes in a work recently published the behavior of armor-plated men of war in a heavy sea.

He says: "Even with a moderate gale and sea, an armor-plated cruiser, if going against the wind, will find herself in conditions similar to those of a storm—at least the crew will have that impression. The movements of the stern of the ship are violent and exceedingly disagreeable. The waves, pushed by the advancing prow, sweep continually over the ship from bow to stern. All windows and port holes must be closed, and air reaches the lower decks—where the heat increases unbearably—only through the artificial ventilators.

"With the exception of the specially protected command bridge, all the uncovered portions of the ship are impassable; thus the whole crew must bear as well as they can the hell of the closed decks. On such a ship no one can feel comfortable, and when there is a storm in which a sailing ship would feel comparatively at ease, the crew of an armor-plated ship imagines itself to be in a heavy hurricane which threaten destruction at every minute. The long, narrow forepart of the ship, which is not borne lightly by the water, and is rendered extremely heavy by the mighty ram and the armored deck, and the cannon and torpedoes, forces the ship in a high sea to pitchings and rollings of such an extraordinary kind that they cannot be described. The crew of such a ship is not only exposed to mortal dangers, but the voyages they make render them physically extremely and dangerously nervous; the mental impressions they receive wear them out and make the profession hateful."

SO GOOD.—They were seated on a rustic bench. "Oh, do be mine?" he cried, attempting to draw her a little nearer his end of the seat. She made herself rigid, and heaved a sigh. "I'll be a good man and give up all my bad habits," he urged. No reply. "I'll never drink another drop," he continued. Still unrelenting sat the object of his adoration. "And give up smoking"—cold as ever. "And join the church"—she only shook her head. "And —and give you a diamond engagement ring," he added, in desperation. Then the maiden lifted her drooping eyes to his, and, leaning her frizzles on his shoulder, tremblingly murmured into his ravished ear—"Oh, Edward, you—you are so good!" And there they sat and sat until the soft arms of night—that quiet dusky nurse of the world—had lolled them from sight, pondering, planning, thanking, she of the diamond ring, and he—poor miserable fellow—of how on earth he was to get it.

ON one occasion when Edouard Devrient had been acting the part of the villain in Schiller's "Robbers," he was called before the curtain. After bowing to the audience, he said, "During the performance I expressed what I did not feel. I now feel what I am unable to express."

Latest Fashion Phases.

For the street for the cold days of the season are charming little collets of seal, otter, or nutria astrakhan fur called the Duchess of York pelerines. They have a high collar and are lined with shot silk in gray color blendings. Other triple collars of black or dark green Lyons velvet are edged with rich fur, and made so full around their lower edges that they show glimpses of their effective linings of yellow, scarlet, or rose colored moire. The Medici collar is similarly lined, and the tint usually imparts a becoming touch to the face of the wearer.

A garnet cloth double cape, with redingote collar and revers is new; the latter are faced with velvet. The whole pelerine is machine-stitched around the border; side pockets.

Black plush, which the uninitiated would describe as velvet handsomely embroidered in jet, the most fashionable material for the handsomest mantles and feather trimming, is used in preference to fur; marabout, with tufts of ostrich feathers at intervals, or sometimes this same mixture is formed into a fringe, with a series of feather tails.

A new close-fitting bodice of one noticeable toilette is relieved by jet embroidery, while the bouffante puff sleeves are almost covered with it. The revers are composed of alternate stripes of aubergine velvet and embroidered cloth. They are finished by a band of fur, with sable heads on the shoulders, and terminated at the waist line by stiff bows of aubergine velvet. The collar is edged with fur, and the deep cloth cuffs are garnished with three sable bands.

The cloak is composed of a pointed cloth cape over a circular one of aubergine velvet. The latter reaches a few inches below the waist, except for a space of four inches in the centre of the back, where it is terminated at the waist by a full velvet half belt, with fan bows at the sides. The cloth cape is embroidered in jets and edged with sable fur. It is round in the back, reaching almost to the waist, and pointed in the front, where it reaches several inches below the velvet cape. The high collar is lined and edged with sable. Full braces of velvet pass through openings in the cloth cape, and are finished on the shoulders by fan bows. The cape is warmly wadded and is lined with shell pink satin.

The large black felt hat "petit abbe" is garnished with black plumes and algrettes, and with choux of aubergine velvet. It may be bordered with sable, and sable tails may be introduced in the trimming.

This toilette would be extremely pretty made in emerald-green velvet and garnished with black velvet, jet and sable. The cape is very chic, made of black velvet and white moire, bordered with tiny black ostrich tips.

Another gown in tabac brown velvet had very full pen-wiper skirt with godet plaits. It is bordered by a deep band of beurre colored guipure, which is edged top and bottom with Persian lamb.

A pointed yoke of velvet is continued in three broad straps to the waist. Yoke and straps are covered with lace and bordered with fur, and between the straps are bands of beurre colored accordion plaited chiffon. The large gigot sleeves have a deep cuff of lace, and the full upper part is cut into straps covered with lace and bordered with fur, revealing an accordion plaited under puff. The high collar of velvet and lace is edged with Persian lamb.

A circular cape of velvet, reaching a few inches below the waist, has a collar formed of straps of the lace covered velvet caught up to form loops and edged with Persiana. The high velvet collar, covered with lace, is entirely lined with Persiana. The cape is lined throughout with beurre colored damasse silk.

The small toque, of brown velvet, is garnished with beurre guipure lace and black satin ribbon.

One of the newest fabrics suitable for visiting gowns and 5 o'clock teas is an otter-colored woollen material, with moire surface. A stylish gown in this fabric is garnished with emerald green velvet and jets.

The otter cloth skirt has three box plaits in the back, and hangs in full folds at the sides and in front. It has a narrow, irregular border, embroidered in jets. The bodice has a deep yoke, embroidered in jets, and a fringe of jet beads falls to the waist over a full otter colored front. A full belt of emerald green velvet is finished in the back by a large bow, with streamers falling to the edge of the skirt. The large gigot sleeves and full collar are of green velvet, the latter having rabbit-ear loops at the back and a cut jet czarina.

A full cape of other colored cloth has a jet embroidered border and a broad squaw collet and Richelieu collar of emerald green velvet. It is lined throughout with turquoise blue satin.

A toque, with soft otter colored crown, embroidered in jet, is bordered by a full puff of emerald green velvet and garnished with black ribbon and plumes.

A light cloth, trimmed with velvet, or a rich velvet adorned with jets, is the most suitable material for a visiting toilette, and to accompany this a cape will be found much more convenient and appropriate than a coat.

Odds and Ends.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Creamed Potatoes.—Creamed potatoes, sprinkled with cracker dust and a little grated cheese and browned in the oven, are delicious. The potatoes should be cold-boiled or baked, and cut into little dice of an even size. For a quart of potatoes you will need a pint of cream sauce. To prepare that, blend a tablespoonful of butter and an equal quantity of flour in a saucepan, add a pint of milk, a level teaspoonful of salt, a dash of white pepper, and, if you like the flavor, a very little grated nutmeg. Toss the potatoes in this sauce, and when hot put in a buttered baking-dish and brown. If cooked too long in the oven, the potatoes will be dry. Without browning they may be served as creamed potatoes, and for a variety a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, or a little onion juice may sometimes be added. In that case omit the nutmeg. If creamed potatoes were cooked in this way without guessing at the quantity of milk, we should be spared the sight of the potato soup often served as creamed potatoes, a mixture that one hardly knows whether to eat with a fork or a spoon. The same creamed potatoes may be put in a hot frying-pan containing a little butter, browned well on one side, then loosened, folded and served like an omelet.

Plain Wholemeal Bread.—Mix together thoroughly 2 ounces of German yeast and a good teaspoonful of sugar. Also mix in a large basin 4 pounds of finely ground wheatmeal (preferably ground at home in a hand steel mill) and a dessertspoonful of salt. Make a hole in the centre, and pour in a pint and a half of tepid water, together with the yeast. Work in a little flour, and drop a little more on the surface of the water. Cover the basin with a cloth, and leave standing in front of the fire for some 40 minutes until risen. The flour should then be worked by hand into dough, and again covered in front of the fire for about two hours. It should then be again well kneaded and divided into loaves. Place the loaves in a very hot oven, and allow it to gradually cool in some degree. The time occupied in baking will be about an hour.

Broiled Rabbit.—Cut a young rabbit up into neat little joints, and let them marinade for two or three hours in a marinade composed of a little oil, two or three sprays of parsley, a sliced onion, a clove or two, a bay leaf, two or three peppercorns, and a little salt (the marinade should not cover the rabbit, which should be turned occasionally); then drain, but do not dry the pieces; wrap each in a thin rasher of bacon, and then into pieces of buttered paper, with a little of the marinade seasoning; broil them over a clear, slow fire, and serve very hot in the papers. It is an improvement to prepare a little farce of minced parsley, onion, mushroom and seasoning, instead of using the marinade.

Orange Pudding.—Fill the glass dish with layers of orange and banana. Make a custard with a pint of milk, two eggs, (leave out one white), a little flour or cornstarch, half-cupful of sugar, not to make it stiff, but a little thicker; pour the custard over the fruit, which should be sweetened. The white, beaten stiff, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, can be dropped in spoonfuls over the top. Serve very cold.

Cocoanut Cake.—One pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of flour, the juice and a little of the grated peel of a lemon, six eggs, one cup of sweet cream, in which half a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved, and one grated cocoanut. Add the lemon juice last of all, except the flour and cocoanut, which must be added alternately till all is mixed in.

Lemon Cream.—Beat six tablespoonfuls of sugar, with six yolks of eggs, three tablespoonfuls of hot water, the juice and rind of one and one-half lemons. Simmer till thick; add the beaten whites and little more sugar. Put into a glass dish, and serve cold.

Consider dust a foe to plant growth, as well as to their neat appearance, and see that the foliage is kept free from it by frequent showerings and by carefully covering them for protection from dust accumulations, while sweeping.

Hot cider vinegar will remove paint stains from window glass or nearly full strength oxalic acid, used with a swab will produce the same effect. In using the latter care must be taken that it does not touch the hands or the paint.

For washing fine nice flannels nothing will cause them to look so nice as borax in the water, a tablespoonful of borax to a pail of water being the right proportion. Always wash baby's little flannels skirts, shirts, etc., in this.

One of the best things to cleanse the scalp thoroughly is to dissolve one-half teaspoonful of borax in a quart of water and apply it, rubbing it in well. Rinse thoroughly in clear water.

Put a teaspoonful of borax in your rinsing water; it will whiten the clothes and also remove the yellow cast on garments that have been laid aside for two or three years.

If the water boils out of an iron tea kettle do not pour in cold water whilst it is hot, lest the kettle crack; either take it off the fire to cool or pour hot water in.

Ringworms will yield to borax treatment. Apply a strong solution of borax three times a day; also dust on the dry powder very often.

A little borax put in the water before washing red or red-bordered tablecloths and napkins will prevent their fading.

Blankets and furs put away well sprinkled with borax and done up air-tight will never be troubled with moths.

Sprinkle places infested by ants with borax, and you will soon be rid of them.

Where there are children, there Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup should be always handy.

THE COUNT OF PARIS.—A good many persons have wondered where the late Count of Paris got all his money, for it costs a pretty penny to even play at Pretender and keep up a mimic court in exile. Thereby hangs a little romance. When the Count was casting about him, some fifteen years ago, for a means of raising the wind, he suddenly received one day a letter from a mysterious foreigner, whose name was never divulged, but who wrote in substance thus: "I owe my immense fortune to your grandfather, and I am not ungrateful. If money is what is needed to keep up the establishment suitable to an heir to the throne of France, you shall have plenty. Give a trusty man five of your visiting cards, and bid him present them to the five stockholders named below, and what I destine for you will be handed him." The Count did as he was bid, and the man received from the brokers bonds enough to half fill his cab. The precise sum is unknown, but the bonds were so valuable that an insurance company wanted 50,000 francs for guaranteeing them safe transport to England.

DONE, BUT WOULD NOT STOP.—An old Scotch lady who lived at a considerable distance from the parish church, was in the habit of driving over to the service. Her coachman, when he thought the sermon nearly at an end, would slip out quietly for the purpose of having the carriage ready by the time the service was ended. One Sunday John returned to church, and after hanging about the door for some time became impatient, and popping in his head saw that the minister harangued as hard as ever. Creeping down the aisle towards his mistress, he whispered in her ear: "Is he no dune yet?" "Dune! he's dune half an hour since, but he'll no stop!" she answered impatiently.

Grains of Gold.

It is better to suffer than to sin.

Bad habits are thistles in the heart.

We are all giants to somebody else.

A bad reputation is a hard thing to lose.

It takes more courage to endure than to act.

It is as bad to hate a man as it is to kill him.

It is as wicked not to do right as it is to do wrong.

It is as bad to rob a man of his peace as it is to take his money.

No man is fit to lead who has not the courage to stand alone.

No man is more to be pitied than the one who is satisfied with himself.

Too many men never praise their wives until after they bury them.

No man fights a harder battle than the one who is trying to overcome himself.

No man should try to teach others what he does not know to be true himself.

No man ought to forget that a good many other people will set their watches by his clock.

One of two things is true. We either give according to our means or according to our meanness.

No man ought to forget that if he sows wild oats he will have to reap the same kind of a crop.

It is a bad thing to never do anything that you ought to do without bragging about it, or to profess in public what you are not willing to practice in private.

Make a note of it—Twenty-five cents buy the best liniment out, Salvation Oil.

Femininities.

Napoleon teas are the go in New York at present.

Oakland, Cal., has a fashionable young ladies' Natatorial Club.

In the twelfth century gloves with separate fingers were first seen.

The Queen of the Belgians is probably one of the finest harpists now living.

A very ingenious novelty has recently been patented in the shape of a guard for ladies' purses when carried in the hand.

Sibly: "When Steve proposed to me he acted like a fish out of water." Tirple: "Why shouldn't he? He knew he was caught."

There are 200 women preachers in the United States at present. Forty years ago there was only one ordained female minister.

The wives of Siamese noblemen cut their hair so that it sticks straight up from their heads. The average length of it is about an inch and a half.

Raphael lived principally on dried fruits, such as the figs and raisins, eating them with bread. He had a theory that a meat diet was not good for a painter.

"Mental employment," or, in other words, "intellectual work," is, according to Monsieur Jules Simon, "the" secret par excellence which conduces to long life.

An idea for your feet: If you are suffering with tender feet and sore ankles, take a flat sheet of rubber and cut out two pieces large enough to fit inside of the shoe soles.

They were making lemonade, and the prettiest girl of the party asked: "Where is Jack L——? I want him to help us." "Why do you want him?" asked her friend. "Because," was the artless answer, "he's such a good squeezer."

Aunt Marie: "I think you and Mr. Mann ought to get along nicely together. You know you both like the same people." Matilda: "Yes, and, what is better, we hate the same people. Just think what nice long talks we shall have together."

In London there is a man who follows the business of tattooing. The majority of his patients are men who have designs of a naval character pricked into their skin, but there are also a great many women who employ his art, if it may be termed such.

Watts: "What made you give that fellow a dime? You know almost to a certainty that he is not deserving." Potts: "That is the reason I gave it to him. There is no real charity in giving money to the deserving. It is merely a cold-blooded performance of duty."

The young Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is, at the age of ten and a half years, quite an accomplished linguist. She speaks with considerable fluency German, English, French, Dutch and some Italian, so she is being well prepared for the high position she is destined to occupy.

A tiny little girl of three lives in Massachusetts. She has six big brothers, and this will explain her rather slangy language. As she was put to bed one evening, and, as the nurse was leaving the room, the little girl jumped out of her cot and exclaimed loudly: "By Jove! I forgot my prayers!"

The Queen-Regent of Holland wears the plainest possible clothes, but spends much time and thought on her daughter's toilets. Everything the young Queen Wilhelmina wears is of the most exquisite texture, and all the linen, fairylike in fineness, has the "W" and royal crown beautifully embroidered upon it.

"Of course before your marriage you told your wife that you would never be absent from her side except when business demanded your presence elsewhere?" "Yes." "And you said you would gratify every wish of hers?" "Yes." "And that you would never speak a cross word to her?" "Yes." "Have you kept your promise in these things?" 'Say, what do you take me for? Do I look like a winged seraph?"

Masculinities.

The Emperor of Austria is strongly opposed to capital punishment.

"Doctor, I am troubled with shooting pains in my face." "Yes, madam; you use too much powder."

Maud: "Oh, you false villain!" Herbert: "There are others. Maybe some of them are real villains."

Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent; but a true gentleman is what one seldom sees.

Jagwell: "How's your folks?" Wigwag: "My wife is having trouble with her head. She can't find a bonnet to suit her."

Siberian peasants clean, stretch and dry the skin of the turbot for leather bags and as a substitute for glass window panes.

Jones says that, if you wish to find out the weak points in the character of any one of your female friends; you should praise her to your wife.

Extract from catalogue of a leading library: "In the novels and stories marked with an asterisk, the happy couples get married at the finish."

Of the 250 successful candidates for the degree of B. A. from the London University, recently, 81 were women. Last year there were only 32 women graduates.

In South Greenland the color of the hair-ribbon which a woman ties around her head denotes the social condition of the wearer—whether she be maid or wife or widow.

"The scent of violets makes Patti so hoarse that she can scarcely speak," said Gasser to Chinner. That evening Mr. Chinner took home a large bunch of violets to Mrs. Chinner.

He: "Why do you always have your dog with you when I call?" She, demurely: "For protection, of course." "In what way?" "Well, if mamma heard anything she might think I was kissing Fido."

Gilbert Pond, of Milford, Mass., who played with the Milford Brass Band at the dedication of the Bunker Hill Monument, has just celebrated his 80th birthday, and is one of the oldest musicians in the country.

He, pleadingly: "Why can't we be married right away?" She, coyly: "Oh, I can't bear to leave father alone just yet." He, earnestly: "But, my darling, he has had you such a long time." She, freezingly: "Sir!!!"

Miss Carthart: "Our acquaintance has been so short that I feel I ought to know more about you before I consent to become your wife." Pelham Parker, stiffly: "Very well, I can refer you to any of the girls I have been engaged to."

It is said that Rev. John Denny, convicted at Springfield, Mo., of horse stealing, goes to the penitentiary with joy and not with grief, as he calculates the experience will be of value to him in writing a book on prison life and discipline.

Near Rockledge, Fla., a farmer discovered a tramp asleep in his barn. He sent for the Town Marshal to have the man arrested, but when the tramp was being questioned it was discovered that it was a long lost brother of the farmer.

"There is a man in Portland," says the Augusta, Me., Journal, "who has come to the wise conclusion that all the reward one should anticipate is that which comes with the sense of having done the right thing. He found a pocket-book containing $60 and valuable papers, and returned it to the owner, who hesitatingly offered him 50 cents."

A New York undertaker is authority for the statement that the custom of burying the dead at night has become more general in that city. The innovation has been prompted by considerations of economy of time; and when the requirements of religious services permit it is to be commended as a sensible step which might well be followed by other economies in funerals, as undertakers themselves have often urged.

Humorous.

Why runs the tramp with such great speed,
Why chokes he down that sob?
What has he struck 'twere gainst his creed?
Alas! he struck a job!

A striking personage—A prize-fighter.

The wrong man in the write place—The inefficient clerk.

The latest definition of billiards is, "Playing marbles with a stick."

Turkey gobbler: "Are you going to the Christmas dinner?" Turkey hen: "Yes; if I am dressed in thyme."

Husband: "My dear, our club is going to have all home comforts." Wife: "Is that so? And when is our home going to have all the club comforts?"

Hayrick: "Hain't you a'goin' ter send your boy ter college?" Treetop: "Yep, but not yit; he's just at the age where nobody can teach him nothin'."

Waiter, to gentleman who is looking at napkin half full of holes: "I'll bring you another napkin." Guest: "Never mind. The holes seem to be clean."

Kind hearted old gentleman: "There! there! Don't cry. Be a little man." Injured child: "How can I be a little man when I'm a little g-g-girl? Boo hoo!"

Irate man, in crowded store: "Sir, you have stepped on my wife's foot, and I demand satisfaction!" Other man: "All right, this is my wife; step on her foot."

Visitor: "I hear your last servant left you without giving notice." House keeper: "Yes; she poured paraffin on the fire and was blown out of the window."

Train robber: "Come, shell out!" Rural minister, sadly: "If I had such energetic fellows as you to pass the plate now and then I might have something to give you."

Hardup: "I hear of the blessings of poverty, but I am sure I can't think of a single one of them." Cashly, with unction: "Cheap living, my dear sir; cheap living!"

Servant: "Step this way, Mr. Whizz." Caller: "Mr. What? My name is Jones." Servant: "Your pardon, sir? When I handed your card to Miss Mollie, she said, 'G. Whizz' show him in."

Jagwell: "Do you think it was ever intended that a man should gain the everlasting affection of a woman?" Wigwag: "It looks as though he ought to have as good a chance as a pug dog."

They say in Maryland that a man who lately died there never heard of the rebellion. He was so deaf that he had to be talked to through a trumpet, and his friends never thought it worth while to tell him the news of the day, fearing he would get excited over it, and weary them with questions.

Editor, reaching for his walking-stick: "So you are the person who sends the poems from Polecat Hollow?" The poet, with pride: "I am he, indeed; and I came down to subscribe for your paper." Editor, agitated: "Oh—er—allow me then, sir, to present to you this cane, as a token of my esteem. I purchased it expressly for you."

Itinerant: "Madam, I would like to call your attention to an article which no housewife can well do without at this season of the year. It is a new moth exterminator." Madam: "Excuse me, sir, but what I am interested in just now is exterminating the old moths. When I get rid of them maybe I'll talk to you about the new moth exterminator."

"Fighting again, eh?" inquires the Vermont father. "Well, I'll see you in the wood shed after dinner." "Father," explains the boy, with tears in his eyes, "it was that Brown's boy. He came along and called me the son of a cross-eyed sheep thief; and, father, I couldn't stand by and hear you spoken of in that manner!" The father feels in his vest pocket for a cent, and nothing further is said about the wood shed business.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is safe, reliable and effectual because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body, adding tone to the one and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action the CAUSE of the PAIN is driven away, and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the READY RELIEF is so admirably adapted for the CURE OF PAIN and without the risk of injury which is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bonedust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

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Recent Book Issues.

PERIODICALS.

The January number of "The Quiver" is very interesting. In its contents are two illustrated serials and three complete stories. Other articles are "Chinese Pagodas in Pen and Pencil," "What Think Ye of Christ?" "Scripture Lessons for School and Home," "Nervous Folk," "Black as a Crow," an illustrated paper on crows, raven, and rooks; "The Trial of Faith," "Hospital Nursing as a Vocation," "The Children of Hunger," "Great Centres of Religious Activity—Edinburgh," music, poetry, etc. The Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

"The Popular Science Monthly" for January contains "Pleasures of the Telescope," illustrated; "Twenty-five Years of Preventive Medicine," "Ethics in Natural Law," "On the Origin of Weeks and Sabbaths," "Two Lung Tests," "Studies of Childhood," "School Ethics," "Babies and Monkeys," "Animal Tictumutants," "Correlation in Organic Growth," "Sketch of Denison Olmsted," Correspondence, Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Miscellany and Notes. Appleton & Co., New York.

BANK-SAFES AND BURGLARS.—In one of his sensational detective stories, M. Du Boisgobey, the French novelist, hatches an intricate plot which turns on an attempt to break into a banker's safe in Paris. One of the burglars was a lady, who, on touching a piece of the machinery securing the safe, caused it to operate and hold her in its vice like grasp. Her comrade in crime cut off her hand rather than let her be caught in the act of robbery; and so the tale takes its name from the main point of interest, and is known as "La Main Coupee (The Severed Hand)

It is a long way off from the complex and powerful mechanism of the modern safes, which are constructed to defy alike burglars and fire, to the times when man could not trust his fellow-man, but must needs hide his possessions for safety in secret places. There is no surer test of civilization than the measure of pecuniary confidence which members of a community repose in one another. With half-civilized peoples like the Hindus gold is either buried or worked into ornaments.

The Emperor of Annam has hit on a peculiar device for keeping the royal reserve secure against burglars, and even against himself. This is the plan of the uncivilized potentate: he causes his treasure to be placed in the hollowed-out trunks of trees, which are thrown into a pool of water within his palace walls. In the water are kept a number of absolutely incorruptible guardians in the shape of crocodiles, which will eat alive any person who attempts to meddle with the submerged treasure. When it becomes indispensible to draw on this novel style of bank, the crocodiles have to be killed; but this can only be done with the Emperor's permission, and after the matter has been duly approved by the Minister of Finance.

In the past days in Scotland, when the "Old Bank," as it was termed, was located in Gourlay's House, Old Bank Close, Edinburgh, precautions were evidently adopted to secure the safety of the cash in the bank's strong chest. When the "Old Bank" house was taken down in the first quarter of the century, it was found that all the shutters communicated by wire with a row of bells in an attic, which was assumed to be a plan put in practice long age of sounding an alarm in the event of burglary. This bank had also a guard armed with flint-locks and bayonets as an outside protection.

The Bank of England is watched nightly by a guard of about fifty men from the Household troops, under the command of an officer, who usually march from Wellington to St. George's Barracks. They patrol the spacious quadrangles of the bank, and do sentry-duty over allotted spaces till the morning, when they are relieved on the arrival of some members of the bank's staff. The officer in command is allowed dinner for himself and a friend, including the provision of a bottle of the bank's special old port. The men are also supplied with the needful refection. Besides this military guard, two clerks remain on duty all night at the bank, as well as all day on Sunday, and these "Watch Clerks" must not go to sleep. Their duty is to move about from building to building inspecting the various rooms, to see that all goes well. Several of the higher officials also sleep on the premises, ready to be summoned at a moment's notice.

WHAT HE WAS AT.—A boy in St. Louis was recently presented with a jack-knife, with which, boy-like, he cut and marked everything that came in his way, from the dining room table to the cat's tail. A few days after he had become the happy possessor of the knife, his father was startled by seeing two men bring home the young Hopeful in a very dilapidated condition. His face seemed to be cut and bruised and covered with blood. The father, of course, was very much alarmed, and inquired of the boy who had hit him. "Nothing didn't hit me," the boy answered between his sobs; "it was only a mule kicked me in the eye." "A mule kicked you in the eye, eh?" echoed the rather. "Haven't I told you a thousand times or more that mules and gunpowder were not fit things for boys to fool with? What were you doing to the mule? "I wasn't foolin' with im at all," said the boy; "I was only trying to cut my name on his back."

THE TENDER PASSION.—When a man is in love with one woman in a family, it is astonishing how fond he becomes of every one connected with it. He ingratiates himself with the maids; he is bland with the butler; he interests himself with the footman, he runs on errands for the daughters; he gives and lends money to the young son at college; he pats little dogs which he would kick otherwise; he smiles at old stories, which would make him break out in yawns were they uttered by any one else but papa; he drinks port wine, for which he would curse the steward and the whole committee at a club; he bears even with the cantankerous old maiden aunt; he beats time when darling little Fanny performs her piece on the piano and smiles when wicked, lively little Bobby upsets the coffee over his shirt.

RECREATION.—Recreations are needful, amusements are good, society, travel, music, the drama, wit, humor, laughter, and fun are all excellent things in themselves; but to extract their excellence for our use and enjoyment we must know where to leave them off. Their purpose is to refresh tired energies, to stimulate dormant powers, to recreate and give new vitality to the whole man. Pursued too long, they pall and become wearisome, and, instead of kindling new life, they dampen what there is. No better test of how far to carry the recreations of life can be had than the freshness and vigor with which we return to its labors. Play, as well as work, when taken in excess, exhausts the nature, but, when due proportions are observed, it animates and strengthens it.

DIPLOMACY.—"I am afraid, Bobby," said his mother, "that when I tell your papa what a naughty boy you've been to-day, he will punish you severely."

"Have you got to tell him?" asked Bobby anxiously.

"Oh, yes; I shall tell him immediately after dinner."

The look of concern on Bobby's face deepened, until a bright thought struck him.

"Well, mamma," he said, "give him a better dinner than usual. You might do that much for me."

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Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 4.30, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
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No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

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Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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PRESERVATION of clothes by the use of Dobbins' Electric Soap, is an established FACT of a generation. It is not an experiment or a wild assertion, but absolutely TRUE. Think carefully whether you prefer to save a cent or two on soap, or dollars on clothes. You can't do both. Buy Dobbins' Electric and look on every wrapper for the name of

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'Tis plain that a charm is added to things cleaned by SAPOLIO

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